

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WHITE NILE.*

FIFTY years since, the book before us would have earned for its author the sneers of critics and the reputation of a Munchausen: at the present more tolerant and more enlightened day, it not only obtains credit but excites well-merited admiration of the writer's enterprise, energy and perseverance. "The rich contents and great originality of the following work," says Professor Carl Ritter, in his preface to Mr. Werne's narrative, "will escape no one, who bestows a glance, however hasty, upon its pages. It gives vivid and life-like pictures of tribes and territories previously unvisited, and is welcome as a most acceptable addition to our literature of travel, often so monotonous." We quite coincide with the learned professor, whose laudatory and long-winded sentences we have thus freely rendered. His friend, Mr. Ferdinand Werne, has made good use of his opportunities, and has produced a very interesting and praiseworthy book.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary, to remind the reader, that the river Nile is formed of two confluent streams, the Blue and the White, whose junction is in South Nubia, between 15° and 16° of north latitude. The source of the Blue Nile was ascertained by Bruce, and by subsequent travellers, to be in the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the other branch, which is by far the longest, had been followed, until very lately, only as far south as 10° or 11° N. L. Even now the river has not been traced to its origin, although Mr. Werne and his companions penetrated to 4° N. L. Further they could not go, owing to the rapid subsidence of the waters. The expedition had been delayed six weeks by the culpable dilatoriness of one of its members; and this was fatal to the realization of its object.

We can conceive few things more exciting than such a voyage as Mr. Werne has accomplished and recorded. Starting from the outposts of civilization, he sailed into the very heart of Africa, up a stream whose upper waters were then for the first time furrowed by vessels larger than a savage's canoe—a stream of such gigantic proportions, that its width, at a thousand miles from the sea, gave it the aspect of a lake rather than of a river. The brute creation were in proportion with the magnitude of the water-course. The hippopotamus reared his huge snout above the surface, and wallowed in the gullies that on either hand run down to the stream; enormous crocodiles gaped along

the shore; elephants played in herds upon the pastures; the tall giraffe stalked amongst the lofty palms; snakes thick as trees lay coiled in the slimy swamps; and ant-hills, ten feet high, towered above the rushes. Along the thickly-peopled banks hordes of savages showed themselves, gazing in wonder at the strange ships, and making ambiguous gestures, variously construed by the adventurers as signs of friendship or hostility. Alternately sailing or towing, as the wind served or not; constantly in sight of natives, but rarely communicating with them; often cut off for days from land by interminable fields of tangled weeds—the expedition pursued its course through innumerable perils guaranteed from most of them by the liquid rampart on which it floated. Lions looked hungry, and savages shook their spears, but neither showed a disposition to swim off and board the flotilla.

The cause of science has countless obligations to the cupidity of potentates and adventurers. May it not be part of the scheme of Providence, that gold is placed in the most remote and barbarous regions, as a magnet to draw thither the children of civilization! The expedition shared in by Mr. Werne is an argument in favor of the hypothesis. It originated in appetite for lucre, not in the thirst for knowledge. Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, finding the lands within his control unable to meet his lavish expenditure and constant cry for gold, projected working mines supposed to exist in the districts of Kordovan and Fazogl. At heavy cost he procured Austrian miners from Trieste, a portion of whom proceeded, in 1836, to the land of promise, to open those veins of gold whence it was reported the old Venetian ducats had been extracted. Already, in imagination, the viceroy beheld an ingot-laden fleet sailing merrily down the Nile. He was disappointed in his growing expectations. Russegger, the German chief of the expedition, pocketed the pay of the Bey, ate and drank in conformity with his rank, rambled about the country, and wrote a book for the amusement and information of his countrymen. Then he demanded thirty thousand dollars to begin the works. An Italian, who had accompanied him, offered to do it for less; mistrust and disputes arose, and at last their employer would rely on neither of them, but resolved to go and see for himself. This was in the autumn of 1838; and it might well be that the old fox was not sorry to get out of the way of certain diplomatic personages at Alexandria, and thus to postpone for a while his reply to troublesome inquiries and demands.

"It was on the 15th October, 1838," Mr. Werne says, "that I—for some time past an anchorite in

**Expedition zur Entdeckung der Quellen des Weissen Nil, (1840-1841.)* von FERDINAND WERNE. Mit einem Vorwort von CARL RITTER. Berlin, 1843.

the wilderness by Tura, and just returned from a hunt in the ruins of Memphis—saw, from the left shore of the Nile, the Abu Dagn, (Father of the Beard,) as Mohammed Ali was designated to me by a Fellah standing by, steam past in his yacht, in the direction of those regions to which I would then so gladly have proceeded. Already in Alexandria I had gathered, over a glass of wine, from frigate-captain Achmet, (a Swiss named Baumgärtner,) the secret plan of the expedition to the White Stream, (Bach'r el Abiat,) and I had made every effort to obtain leave to join it, but in vain, because, as a Christian, my discretion was not to be depended upon."

The Swiss, whom some odd caprice of fate, here unexplained, had converted into an Egyptian naval captain, and to whom the scientific duties of the expedition were confided, died in the following spring, and his place was taken by Captain Selim. Mr. Werne and his brother, who had long ardently desired to accompany one of these expeditions up the Nile, were greatly discouraged at this change, which they looked upon as destructive to their hopes. At the town of Chartum, at the confluence of the White and Blue streams, they witnessed, in the month of November, 1839, the departure of the first flotilla; and although sick and weak, from the effects of the climate, their hearts were wrung with regret at being being left behind. This expedition got no further than 6° 35' N. L.; although, either from mistakes in their astronomical reckoning or wishing to give themselves more importance, and not anticipating that others would soon follow to check their statements, they pretended to have gone three degrees further south. But Mehemet Ali, not satisfied with the result of their voyage, immediately ordered a second expedition to be fitted out. Mr. Werne, who was a most adventurous person, had been for several months in the Taka country, in a district previously untrodden by Europeans, with an army commanded by Achmet Bascha, governor-general of Sudan, who was operating against some rebellious tribes. Here news reached him of the projected expedition; and, to his great joy, he obtained from Achmet permission to accompany it in the quality of passenger. His brother, then body-physician to the Bascha, could not be spared, by reason of the great mortality in the camp.

At Chartum the waters were high, the wind was favorable, and all was ready for a start early in October, but for the non-appearance of two French engineers, who lingered six weeks in Korusko, under one pretext or other, but in reality, Mr. Werne affirms, because one of them, Arnaud by name, who has since written an account of the expedition, was desirous to prolong the receipt of his pay as *bimbaschi*, or major, which rank he temporarily held in the Egyptian service. At last he and his companion, Sabatier, arrived; on the 23d November, 1840, a start was made; and on that day Mr. Werne began a journal, regularly kept, and most minute in its details, which he continued till the 22d April, 1841, the date of his return to

Chartum. He commences by stating the composition of the expedition. "It consists of four dahabies from Kahira, (vessels with two masts and with cabins, about a hundred feet long, and twelve to fifteen broad,) each with two cannon; three dahabies from Chartum, one of which has also two guns; then two kaïas, one-masted vessels to carry goods, and a sàndal, or skiff, for intercommunication; the crews are composed of two hundred and fifty soldiers, (Negroes, Egyptians, and Surians,) and a hundred and twenty sailors and boatmen from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudàn." Soliman Kaschef (a Circassian of considerable energy and courage, who, like Mr. Werne himself, was protected by Achmet Bascha) commanded the troops. Captain Selim had charge of the ships, and a sort of general direction of the expedition, of which, however, Soliman was the virtual chief; the second captain was Feizulla Effendi of Constantinople; the other officers were two Kurda, a Russian, an Albanian, and a Persian. Of Europeans, there were the two Frenchmen, already mentioned, as engineers; a third, named Thibaut, as collector; and Mr. Werne, as an independent passenger at his own charges. The ships were to follow each other in two lines, one led by Soliman, the other by Selim; but this order of sailing was abandoned the very first day; and so, indeed, was nearly all order of every kind. Each man sailed his bark as he pleased, without nautical skill or unity of movement; and, as to one general and energetic supervision of the whole flotilla and its progress, no one dreamed of such a thing. Mr. Werne indulged in gloomy reflections as to the probable results of an enterprise, at whose very outset such want of zeal and discipline was displayed. It does not appear to have struck him that not the least of his dangers upon the strange voyage he had so eagerly undertaken, was from his shipmates, many of them bigoted Mahometans, and reckless, ferocious fellows, ready with the knife, and who would have thought little of burthening their conscience with so small a matter as a Christian's blood. He is evidently a cool, courageous man, prompt in action; and his knowledge of the slavish, treacherous character of the people he had to deal with, doubtless taught him the best line of conduct to pursue with them. This, as appears from various passages of his journal, was the rough-and-ready style—a blow for the slightest impertinence, and his arms, which he well knew how to use, always at hand. He did not scruple to interfere when he saw cruelty or oppression practised, and soon he made himself respected, if not feared, by all on board; so much so, that Feizulla, the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, a drunken old Turk, who passed his time in drinking spirits and mending his own clothes, appointed him his *locum tenens* during his occasional absences on shore. During his five months' voyage, Mr. Werne had a fine opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the different nations with individuals of which he sailed; and although his long residence in Africa and the East had made him regard such matters with com-

parative indifference, the occasional glimpses he gives of Turkish and Egyptian habits are amongst the most interesting passages in his book. Already, on the third day of the voyage, the expiration of the Rhamadan, or fasting month, and the setting in of the little feast of Bairam, gave rise to a singular scene. The flotilla was passing through the country governed by Achmet Bascha, in which Soliman was a man of great importance. By his desire, a herd of oxen and a large flock of sheep were driven down to the shore, for the use of the expedition. The preference was for the mutton, the beef in those regions being usually tough and coarse, and consequently despised by the Turks. "This quality of the meat is owing to the nature of the fodder, the tender grass and herbs of our marsh-lands and pastures being here unknown—and to the climate, which hardens the animal texture, a fact perceived by the surgeon when operating upon the human body. Our Arabs, who, like the Greeks and Jews, born butchers and flayers, know no mercy with beasts or men, fell upon the unfortunate animals, hamstringing them in all haste, to obviate any chance of resumption of the gift, and the hecatomb sank upon the ground, pitiful to behold. During the flaying and quartering, every man tried to secrete a sippet of meat, cutting it off by stealth, or stealing it from the back of the bearers. These coveted morsels were stuck upon skewers, boiled at the nearest watch-fire, and ravenously devoured, to prepare the stomach for the approaching banquet. Although they know how to cook the liver excellently well, upon this occasion they preferred eating it raw, cut up in a wooden dish, and with the gall of the slaughtered beast poured over it. Thus prepared, and eaten with salt and pepper, it has much the flavor of good raw beef-steak." The celebration of the Bairam was a scene of gluttony and gross revelry. Arrack was served out instead of the customary ration of coffee; and many a Mussulman drank more than done him good, or than the Prophet's law allows. In the night, Captain Feizulla tumbled out of bed; and, having spoiled his subordinates by over-indulgence, not one of them stirred to his assistance. Mr. Werne picked him up, found him in an epileptic fit, and learned, with no great pleasure, Feizulla being his cabin-mate, that the thirsty skipper was subject to such attacks. He foresaw a comfortless voyage on board the narrow bark, and with such queer companions; but the daily increasing interest of the scenery and surrounding objects again distracted his thoughts from considerations of personal ease. He had greater difficulty in reconciling himself to the negligence and indolence of his associates. So long as food was abundant and work scanty, all went well enough; but when liquor ran low, and the flesh-pots of Egypt were empty, grumbling began, and the thoughts of the majority were fixed upon a speedy return. Their chiefs set them a poor example. Soliman Kaschef lay in bed till an hour after sunrise, and the signal to sail could not be given till he awoke; and Feizulla, when his and Mr. Werne's stock of brandy was out, passed one

half his time distilling spirits from stale dates, and the other moiety in getting intoxicated on the turbid extract thus obtained. Then the officers had female slaves on board; and there was a licensed jester, Abu Haschis, who supplied the expedition with buffoonery and ribaldry; and the most odious practices prevailed amongst the crews; for further details concerning all which matters we refer the curious to Mr. Werne himself. A more singularly composed expedition was perhaps never fitted out, nor one less adapted effectually to perform the services required of it. Cleanliness and sobriety, so incumbent upon men cooped up in small craft, in a climate teeming with pestilence and vermin, were little regarded; and subordination and vigilance, essential to safety amidst the perils of an unknown navigation, and in the close vicinity of hostile savages, were utterly neglected—at first to the great uneasiness of Mr. Werne. But after a while, seeing no chance of amendment, and having no power to rebuke or correct deficiencies, he repeated the eternal *Allah Kerin!* (God is merciful,) of his fatalist shipmates, and slept soundly, when the musquitos permitted, under the good guard of Providence.

On the 29th November, the expedition passed the limit of Turco-Egyptian domination. The land it had now reached paid no tribute. "All slaves," was the reply of Turks and Arabs to Mr. Werne's inquiry who the inhabitants were. "I could not help laughing, and proving to them, to their great vexation, that these men were free, and much less slaves than themselves; that before making slaves of them, they must first make them prisoners; a process for which they had no particular fancy—admitting, with much *naïveté*, that the 'slaves' hereabout were both numerous and brave. This contemptuously spoken *Kulo Abit*, (All slaves,) is about equivalent to the 'barbarian' of the ancients—the same classical word the modern Greeks have learned out of foreign school-books."

"The trees and branches preventing our vessels from lying alongside the bank, I had myself carried through the water, to examine the country and get some shooting. But I could not make up my mind to use my gun, the only animals to aim at being large, long-tailed, silver-gray apes. I had shot one on a former occasion, and the brute had greatly excited my compassion by his resemblance to a human being, and by his piteous gestures. M. Arnaud, on the contrary, took particular pleasure in making the repeated observation that, on the approach of death, the gums of these beasts turn white, like those of a dying man. They live in families of several hundreds together, and their territory is very circumscribed, even in the forest, as I myself subsequently ascertained. Although fearful of water, and swimming unwillingly, they always fled to the branches overhanging the river, and not unfrequently fell in. When this occurred, their first care on emerging was to wipe the water from their faces and ears. However imminent their danger, only when this opera

tion was completed did they again climb the trees. Such a monkey-republic is really a droll enough sight; its members alternately fighting and caressing each other, combing and vermin-hunting, stealing, and boxing each other's ears, and in the midst of all these important occupations, running down every moment to drink, but contenting themselves with a single draught, for fear of becoming a mouthful for the watchful crocodile. The tame monkeys on board our vessels turned restless at sight of the joyous, vagabond life of their brethren in the bush. First-lieutenant Hussein Aga, of Kurdistan, lay alongside us, and was in raptures with his monkey, shouting over to me: '*Schuf! el na'uti taib!*' (See the clever sailor!)—meaning his pet ape, which ran about the rigging like mad, hanging on by the ropes, and looking over the bulwarks into the water; until at last he jumped on the back of a sailor who was wading on shore with dirty linen to wash, and thence made a spring upon land to visit his relations, compared to whom, however, he was a mere dwarf. Overboard went the long Kurd, with his gun, to shoot the deserter; but doubtless the little seaman, in his capacity of Turkish slave, and on account of his diminutive figure, met a bad reception, for Hussein was no sooner under the trees than his monkey dropped upon his head. He came to visit me afterwards, brought his '*na'uti taib*' with him, and told me, what I had often heard before, how apes were formerly men, whom God had cursed. It really is written in the Koran that God and the prophet David had turned into monkeys the Jews who did not keep the Sabbath holy. Therefore a good Moslem will seldom kill or injure a monkey. Emin Bey of Fazogl was an exception to this rule. Sitting at table with an Italian, and about to thrust into his mouth a fragment of roast meat, his monkey snatched it from between his thumb and fingers. Whereupon the bey quietly ordered the robber's hand to be cut off, which was instantly done. The poor monkey came to his cruel master and showed him, with his peculiarly doleful whine, the stump of his fore-paw. The bey gave orders to kill him, but the Italian begged him as a gift. Soon afterwards the foolish brute came into my possession, and, on my journey back to Egypt, contributed almost as much to cheer me, as did the filial attentions of my freedman Hagar, whom my brother had received as a present, and had bequeathed to me. My servants would not believe but that the monkey was a transformed *gafir*, or caravan guide, since even in the desert he was always in front and upon the right road, availing himself of every rock and hillock to look about him, until the birds of prey again drove him under the camels, to complain to me with his '*Oehm-oehm*;' which was also his custom when he had been beaten in my absence by the servants, whose merissa (a sort of spirit) he would steal and drink till he could neither go nor stand."

During this halt, and whilst rambling along the bank, picking up river oysters, and tracing the monstrous footsteps of hippopotami, Mr. Werne

nearly walked into the jaws of the largest crocodile he had ever seen. His Turkish servant, Sale, who attended him on such occasions and carried his rifle, was not at hand, and he was glad to beat a retreat, discharging one of his barrels, both of which were laden with shot only, in the monster's face. On being scolded for his absence, Sale very coolly replied, that it was not safe so near shore; for that several times it had occurred to him, whilst gazing up in the trees at the birds and monkeys, to find himself, on a sudden, face to face with a crocodile, which stared at him like a ghost, (*Scheitan*, *Satan*), and which he dared not shoot, lest he should slay his own father. Amongst the numerous Mahomedan superstitions, there is a common belief in the transformation, by witches and sorcerers, of men into beasts, especially into crocodiles and hippopotami.

"Towards evening, cartridges were served out and muskets loaded, for we were now in a hostile country. The powder-magazine stood open, and lighted pipes passed to and fro over the hatchway. *Allah Kerim!* I do my best to rouse my captain from his indolence, by drawing constant comparisons with the English sea-service; then I fall asleep myself whilst the powder is being distributed, and, waking early in the morning, find the magazine still open, and the sentry, whose duty it is to give an alarm should the water in the hold increase overmuch, fast asleep with his tobacco-pipe in his hand and his musket in his lap. Feizulla Capitan begged me not to report the poor devil." This being a fair specimen of the prudence and discipline observed during the whole voyage, it is really surprising that Mr. Werne ever returned to write its history, and that his corpse—drowned, blown up, or with a knife between the ribs—has not long since been resolved into the elements through the medium of a Nile crocodile. The next day the merciful Feizulla, whose kindness must have sprung from a fellow-feeling, got mad-drunk at a merry-making on an island, and had to be brought by force on board his ship. He seemed disposed to "run amuck;" grasped at sabre and pistols, and put his people in fear of their lives, until Mr. Werne seized him neck and heels, threw him on his bed, and held him there whilst he struggled himself weary and fell asleep. The ship's company were loud in praise and admiration of Mr. Werne, who, however, was not quite easy as to the possible results of his bold interference. "Only yesterday, I incurred the hatred of the roughest of our Egyptian sailors, as he sat with another at the hand-mill, and repeatedly applied to his companion the word *Nasrani*, (*Christian*), using it as a term of insult, until the whole crew came and looked down into the cabin where I sat and laughed—the captain not being on board at the time. At last I lost my patience, jumped up, and dealt the fellow a severe blow with my fist. In his fanatical horror at being struck by a Christian, he tried to throw himself overboard, and vowed revenge, which my servants told me. Now, whilst Feizul-

la Capitan lies senseless, I see from my bed this tall sailor leave the fore-part of the ship and approach our cabin, his comrades following him with their eyes. From a fanatic, who might put his own construction upon my recent friendly constraint of Captain Feizulla, and might convert it into a pretext, I had everything to apprehend. But he paused at the door, apologized, and thanked me for not having reported him to his commander. He then kissed my right hand, whilst in my left I held a pistol concealed under the blanket."

Dangers, annoyances, and squabbles did not prevent Mr. Werne from writing up his log, and making minute observations of the surrounding scenery. This was of ever-varying character. Thickly-wooded banks were succeeded by a sea of grass, its monotony unvaried by a single bush. Then came a crowd of islands, composed of water-plants, knit together by creepers and parasites, and alternately anchored to the shore, or floating slowly down the stream, whose sluggish current was often imperceptible. The extraordinary freshness and luxuriance of the vegetable creation in that region of combined heat and moisture, excited Mr. Werne's enthusiastic admiration. At times he saw himself surrounded by a vast tapestry of flowers, waving for miles in every direction, and of countless varieties of tint and form. Upon land were bowers and hill of blossom, groves of dark mimosa, and gold-gleaming tamarind; upon the water and swamps, interminable carpets of lilac convolvulus, water-lilies, flowering-reeds, and red, blue, and white lotus. The ambak-tree, with its large yellow flowers and acacia-like leaf, rose fifteen feet and more above the surface of the water out of which it grew. This singular plant, a sort of link between the forest-tree and the reed of the marshes, has its root in the bed of the Nile, with which it each year rises, surpassing it in swiftness of growth. Its stem is of a soft spongy nature, more like the pith of a tree than like wood, but having, nevertheless, a pith of its own. The lotus was one of the most striking features in those scenes of floral magnificence; its brilliant white flower, which opens as the sun rises, and closes when it sets, beaming like a double lily, in the shade it prefers. Mr. Werne made the interesting observation, that this beautiful flower, where it had not some kind of shelter, closed when the sun approached the zenith, as though unable to endure the too ardent rays of the luminary that called it into life. Details of this kind, and fragments of eloquent description of the gorgeous scenery of the Nile banks, occur frequently in the earlier part of the "Expedition," during which there was little intercourse with the natives, who were either hostile, uninteresting, or concealed. Amongst other reasons for not remaining long near shore, and especially for not anchoring there at night, was the torture the voyagers experienced from gnats, camel-flies, and small wasps, which not only forbade sleep, but rendered it almost impossible to

eat and drink. To escape this worse than Egyptian plague, the vessels lay in the middle of the river, which, for some time after their departure, was often three or four miles across. When the breeze was fresh, there was some relief from insect persecution, but a lull made the attacks insupportable. Doubtless a European complexion encouraged these. Our German lifts up his voice in agony and malediction.

"The 10th December.—A dead calm all night. Gnats!!! No use creeping under the bed-clothes, at risk of stifling with heat, compelled as one is by their penetrating sting to go to bed dressed. Leave only a little hole to breathe at, and in they pour, attacking lips, nose, and ears, and force themselves into the throat—thus provoking a cough which is torture, since, at each inspiration, a fresh swarm finds its way into the gullet. They penetrate to the most sensitive parts of the body, creeping in, like ants, at the smallest aperture. In the morning my bed contained thousands of the small demons which I had crushed and smothered by the perpetual rolling about of my martyred body. As I had forgotten to bring a mosquito net from Chartum, there was nothing for it but submission. Neither had I thought of providing myself with leather gloves, unbearable in that hot climate, but which here, upon the Nile, would have been by far the lesser evil, since I was compelled to have a servant opposite to me at supper-time, waving a huge fan so close under my nose, that it was necessary to watch my opportunity to get the food to my mouth. One could not smoke one's pipe in peace, even though keeping one's hands wrapped in a woollen burnous, for the vermin stung through this, and crept up under it from the ground. The black and colored men on board were equally ill-treated: and all night long the word '*Baïda*' resounded through the ship, with an accompaniment of curses and flapping of cloths. The *baïda* resemble our long-legged gnats, but have a longer proboscis, with which they bore through a triple fold of strong linen. Their head is blue, their back tawny, and their legs are covered with white specks, like small pearls. Another sort has short, strong legs, a thick brown body, a red head, and posteriors of varying hues."

These parti-colored and persevering blood-suckers caused boils by the severity of their sting, and so exhausted the sailors by depriving them of sleep, that the ship could hardly be worked. Bitterly and frequently does Mr. Werne recur to his sufferings from their ruthless attacks. At last a strange auxiliary came to his relief. On Christmas-day he writes:—

"For the last two nights we have been greatly disturbed by the gnats, but a small cat, which I have not yet seen by daylight, seems to find particular pleasure in licking my face, pulling my beard, and purring continually, thus keeping off the insects. Generally the cats in Bellet-Suden are of a very wild and fierce nature, which seems the result of their indifferent treatment by the inhabitants.

They walk into the poultry-houses and carry off the strongest fowls, but care little for rats and mice. The Barabras, especially those of Dongola, often eat them; not so the Arabs, who spare them persecution—the cat having been one of Mahomet's favorite animals—but who, at the same time, hold them unclean."

There is assuredly no river in the world whose banks for so great a distance are so thickly peopled as those of the Nile. Day after day the expedition passed an unbroken succession of populous villages, until Mr. Werne wondered whence the inhabitants drew their nourishment, and a sapient officer from Kurdistan opined the Schilluks to be a greater nation than the French. But what people, and what habitations! The former scarce a degree above the brute, the latter resembling dog-kennels, or more frequently thatched beehives, with a round hole in the side, through which the inmates creep. Stark-naked, these savages lay in the high grass, whose seed forms part of their food, and gibbered and beckoned to the passing Turks, who, for the most part, disregarded their gestures of amity and invitation, shrewdly suspecting that their intentions were treacherous and their lances hidden in the herbage. Wild rice, fruits, and seeds, are eaten by these tribes, (the Shilluks, Dinkas and others,) who have also herds of cattle—oxen, sheep, and goats, and who do not despise a hippopotamus chop or a crocodile outlet. Where the land is unproductive, fish is the chief article of food. They have no horses or camels, and when they steal one of these animals from the Turks, they do not kill it, probably not liking its flesh, but they put out its eyes as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country. In one hour Mr. Werne counted seventeen villages, large or small; and Soliman Kaschef assured him the Schilluks numbered two millions of souls, although it is hard to say how he obtained the census. The *Bando* or king, although dwelling only two or three leagues from the river, did not show himself. He mistrusted the Turks, and all night the great war-drum was heard to beat. His savage majesty was quite right to be on his guard. "I am well persuaded," says Mr. Werne, "that if Soliman Kaschef had once got the dreaded *Bando* of the Schilluks on board, he would have sailed away with him. I read that in his face when he was told the *Bando* would not appear. And gladly as I would have seen this negro sovereign, I rejoiced that his caution frustrated the projected shameful treachery. He had no particular grounds for welcoming the Musselmans, those sworn foes of his people. Shortly before our departure, he had sent three ambassadors to Chartum to put him on a friendly footing with the Turks, and so to check the marauding expeditions of his Arab neighbors, of Soliman Kaschef amongst the rest. The three Schillucks, who could not speak Arabic, were treated in the Divan with customary contempt as *Abit*, (slaves,) and were handed over like common men to the care of Sheikh el Bellet of Chartum.

The Sheikh, who receives no pay, and performs the duties of his office out of fear rather than for the sake of the honor, showed them such excellent hospitality, that they came to us Franks and begged a few piasters to buy bread and spirits." On Mr. Werne's representations to the Effendi, or chief man at Chartum, dresses of honor (the customary presents) were prepared for them, but they departed stealthily by night; and their master, the *Bando*, was very indignant on learning the treatment they had received.

A vast green meadow, a sort of elephant pasture, separates the Schilluks from their neighbors, the Jengähs, concerning whom Mr. Werne obtained some particulars from a Tschauss or sergeant, named Marian of Mount Habila, the son of the Mak or king of the mountains of Nuba. His father had been vanquished and murdered by the Turks, and he had been made a slave. This sergeant-prince was of middle height, with a black tattooed countenance, and with ten holes in each ear, out of which his captors had taken the gold rings. He was a sensible, well-behaved man, and had been thirteen years in the service, but was hopeless of promotion, having none to recommend him. Besides this man, there were two Dinkas and a Jengäh on board; but from them it was impossible to extract information with respect to the manners and usages of their countrymen. They held it treachery to divulge such particulars. Many of the soldiers and sailors composing the expedition being natives of the countries through which it sailed, apprehensions of desertion were entertained and partially realized. On the 30th December, whilst passing through the friendly land of the Keks, everybody slept on shore, and in the night sixteen men on guard deserted. They were from the distant country of Nuba, (a district of Nubia,) which it seemed scarcely possible they should ever reach, with their scanty store of ammunition, and exposed to the assaults of hunger, thirst, and hostile tribes. Hussein Aga went after them with fifty ferocious Egyptians, likely to show little mercy to the runaways, with whom, however, they could not come up. And suddenly the drums beat to call all hands on board, for there was a report that all the negroes were planning escape. During this halt, Mr. Werne made ornithological observations, ascertaining, amongst other things, the species of certain white birds, which he had observed sitting impudently upon the backs of the elephants, picking the vermin from their thick hides, as crows do in Europe from the backs of pigs. The elephants evidently disapproved the operation, and lashed with their trunks at their tormentors, who then flew away, but instantly returned to recommence what Mr. Werne calls their "dry fishing." These birds proved to be small herons. Shortly before this, a large pelican had been shot, and its crop was found to contain twenty-four fresh fish, the size of herrings. Its gluttony had caused its death, the weight it carried impeding its flight. Prodigious swarms of birds and water-fowl find their nourishment in the White Stream, and upon its swampy

banks. In some places the trees were white with their excrements, whose accumulation destroyed vegetable life. There is no lack of nourishment for the feathered tribes—water and earth are prolific of vermin. Millions of glow-worms glimmer in the rushes, the air resounds with the shrill cry of myriads of grasshoppers, and with the croaking of countless frogs. But for the birds, which act as scavengers and vermin-destroyers, those shores would be uninhabitable. The scorching sun fecundates the sluggish waters and rank fat marsh, causing a never-ceasing birth of reptiles and insects. Monstrous fish and snakes of all sizes abound. Concerning the latter, the Arabs have strange superstitions. They consider them in some sort supernatural beings, having a king, Shach Maran by name, who is supposed to dwell in Turkish Kurdistan, not far from Adana, where two villages are exempted from tribute on condition of supplying the snakes with milk. Abdul-Elliab, a Kurd officer of the expedition, had himself offered the milk-sacrifice to the snakes; and he swore that he had seen their king, or at any rate one of his *Wokils* or vicegerents, of whom his serpentine majesty has many. He had no sooner poured his milky offering into one of the marble basins nature has there hollowed out, than a great snake, with long hair upon its head, stepped out of a hole in the rocks and drank. It then retired, without, as in some other instances, speaking to the sacrificer, a taciturnity contritely attributed by the latter to his not having yet entirely abjured strong drinks. Two other Kurds vouched for the truth of this statement, adding, that the *Maran* had a human face, for that otherwise he could not speak, and that he never showed himself except to a sultan or a very holy man. To the latter character the said Abdul-Elliab had great pretensions, and his bigotry, hypocrisy, and constant quotations from the Koran procured him from his irreverent shipmates, from Mr. Werne amongst the number, the nickname of the *Paradise-Stormer*, it being manifest that he reckoned on taking by assault that blessed abode promised by Mahomet to the faithful. Pending his admission to the society of the houris, he solaced himself with that of a young female slave, who often experienced cruel treatment at the hands of her saintly master. Having one day committed the heinous offence of preparing *merissa*, a strong drink made from corn, for part of the crew, the Kurd, formerly, according to his own admission, a stanch toper, beat her with a thong as she knelt half-naked upon the deck. "As he did not attend to my calls from the cabin," says Mr. Werne, "but continued striking her so furiously as to cut the skin and draw streams of blood, I jumped out, and pulled him backwards, so that his legs flew up in the air. He sprang to his feet, retreated to the bulwark of the ship, drew his sabre, and shouted, with a menacing countenance, 'Effendi!' instead of calling me Kawagi, which signifies a merchant, and is the usual title for a Frank. I had no sooner returned to the cabin than he seized his slave to throw her overboard, whereupon I caught up my

double-barrel and levelled at him, calling out, '*Ana oedrup!*' (I fire.) Thereupon he let the girl go, and with a pallid countenance protested she was his property, and he could do as he liked with her. Subsequently he complained of me to the commandant, who, knowing his malicious and hypocritical character, sent him on board the skiff, to the great delight of the whole flotilla. On our return to Chartum, he was cringing enough to ask my pardon, and to want to kiss my hand, (although he was then a captain,) because he saw that the Bascha distinguished me. A few days previously to this squabble, I had gained the affection and confidence of our black soldiers, one of whom, a Tokruri or pilgrim from Darfur, had quarrelled with an Arab, and wounded him with his knife. He jumped overboard to drown himself, and, being unable to swim, had nearly accomplished his object, when he drifted to our ship and was lifted on board. They wanted to make him stand on his head, but I had him laid horizontally upon his side, and began to rub him with a woollen cloth, but at first could get no one to help me because he was an *Abit*, a slave, until I threatened the captain he should be made to pay the Bascha for the loss of his soldier. After long-continued rubbing, the Tokruri gave signs of life, and they raised him into a sitting posture, whilst his head still hung down. One of the soldiers, who, as a Faki, pretended to be a sort of awaker of the dead, seized him from behind under the arms, lifted him, and let him fall thrice violently upon his hinder end, shouting in his ear at the same time passages from the Koran, to which the Tokruri at last replied by similar quotations. The superstition of these people is so gross that they believe such a pilgrim may be completely and thoroughly drowned, and yet retain power to float to any part of the shore he pleases, and, once on dry land, to resume his vitality."

A credulous traveller would have been misled by some of the strange fables put forward, with great plausibility, by these Arabs and other semi-savages, who have, moreover, a strong tendency to exaggerate, and who, perceiving the avidity with which Mr. Werne investigated the animal and vegetable world around him, and his desire for rare and curious specimens, occasionally got up a lie for his benefit. Although kept awake many nights by the merciless midges, his zeal for science would not suffer him to sleep in the day, because he had no one he could trust to note the windings of the river. One sultry noon, however, when the Arab rowers were lazily impelling the craft against unfavorable breezes, and the stream was straight for a long distance ahead, he indulged in a siesta, during which visions of a happy German home hovered above his pillow. On awaking, bathed in perspiration, to the dismal realities of the pestilential Bach'r el Abiat, of incessant gnats and barbarian society, his Arab companions had a yarn cut and dried for him. "During my sleep they had seen a swimming-bird as large as a young camel, with a straight beak like a pelican, but without a crop; they had not shot it for fear of awaking me, and because they

had no doubt of meeting with some more of these unknown birds." No others appeared, and Mr. Werne noted the camel-bird as an Egyptian lie, not as a natural curiosity.

A month's sail carried the expedition into the land of the Keks, a numerous, but not a very prosperous, tribe. Their *tokuls* or huts were entirely of straw, walls as well as roof. The men were quite naked, and of a bluish-gray color, from the slime of the Nile, with which they smear themselves as a protection against the gnats. "There was something melancholy in the way in which those poor creatures raised their hands above their heads, and let them slowly fall, by manner of greeting. They had ivory rings upon their arms, and one of them turned towards his hut, as if inviting us in. Another stood apart, lifted his arms, and danced round in a circle. A Dinka on board, who is acquainted with their language, said they wanted us to give them *durra*, (a sort of corn,) and that their cows were far away and would not return till evening. This Dinka positively asserted, as did also Marian, that the Keks kill no animal, but live entirely on grain and milk. I could not ascertain, with certainty, whether this respect for brute life extended itself to game and fish, but it is universally affirmed that they eat cattle that die a natural death. This is done to some extent in the land of Sudan, although not by the genuine Arabs: it is against the Koran to eat a beast even that has been slain by a bullet, unless its throat has been cut whilst it yet lived, to let the prohibited blood escape. At Chartum I saw, one morning early, two dead camels lying on a public square; men cut off great pieces to roast, and the dogs looked on longingly. I myself, with Dr. Fischer and Pruner, helped to consume in Kahria, a roasted fragment of Clot Bey's beautiful giraffe, which had eaten too much white clover. The meat was very tender, and of tolerably fine grain. The tongue was quite a delicacy. On the other hand, I never could stomach the coarse-grained flesh of camels, even of the young ones." Africa is the land of strong stomachs. The Arabs, when on short rations, eat locusts; and some of the negro tribes devour the fruit of the elephant-tree, an abominable species of pumpkin, coveted by elephants, but rejected even by Arabs, and which Mr. Werne found wholly impracticable, although his general rule was to try all the productions of the country. His gastronomical experiments are often connected with curious details of the animals upon which he tried his teeth. On the 12th of January, whilst suffering from an attack of Nile-fever, which left him scarcely strength enough to post up his journal, he heard a shot, and was informed that Soliman Kaschef had killed with a single bullet a large crocodile, as it lay basking on a sandy promontory of the bank. The Circassian made a present of the skin to M. Arnauld, an excellent excuse for an hour's pause, that the Frenchman might get possession of the scaly trophy. Upon such trifling pretexts was the valuable time of the expedition frittered away. "Having

enough of other meat at that moment, the people neglected cutting off the tail for food. My servants, however, who knew that I had already tasted that sort of meat at Chartum, and that at Taka, I had eaten part of a snake, prepared for me by a dervish, brought me a slice of the crocodile. Even had I been in health, I could not have touched it, on account of the strong smell of musk it exhaled; but, ill as I was, they were obliged to throw it overboard immediately. When first I was in crocodile countries, it was incomprehensible to me how the boatmen scented from afar the presence of these creatures; but on my journey from Kahira to Sennaar, when they offered me in Korusko a young one for sale, I found my own olfactories had become very sensitive to the peculiar odor. When we entered the Blue Stream, I could smell the crocodiles six hundred paces off, before I had seen them. The glands, containing a secretion resembling musk, are situated in the hinder part of the animal, as in the civet cats of Bellet Sudan, which are kept in cages for the collection of the perfume."

As the travellers ascended the river, their intercourse with the natives became much more frequent, inasmuch as these, more remote from Egyptian aggression, had less ground for mistrustful and hostile feeling. Captain Selim had a stock of colored shirts, and an immense bale of beads, with which he might have purchased the cattle, villages, goods and chattels, and even the bodies of an entire tribe, had he been so disposed. The value attached by the savages of the White Stream to the most worthless objects of European manufacture, enabled Mr. Werne to obtain, in exchange for a few glass beads, a large collection of their arms, ornaments, household utensils, &c., now to be seen in the Royal Museum at Berlin. The stolid simplicity of the natives of those regions exceeds belief. One can hardly make up one's mind to consider them as men. Even as the *ambak* seems the link between useful timber and worthless rushes, so does the Kek appear to partake as much of brute as of human nature. He has at least as much affinity with the big gray ape, whose dying agonies excited Mr. Werne's compassion at the commencement of his voyage, as with the civilized and intellectual man, who describes their strange appearance and manners. A Kek, who had been sleeping in the ashes of a fire, a common practice with that tribe, was found standing upon the shore by some of the crew, who brought him on board Selim's vessel. "Bending his body forward in an awkward, ape-like manner, intended perhaps to express submission, he approached the cabin, and, on finding himself near it, dropped upon his knees, and crept forward upon them, uttering, in his gibberish, repeated exclamations of greeting and wonderment. He had numerous holes through the rims of his ears, which contained, however, no other ornament than one little bar. They threw strings of beads over his neck, and there was no end to his joy; he jumped and rolled upon the deck, kissed the planks, dou-

bled himself up, extended his hands all over our heads, as if blessing us, and then began to sing. He was an angular, high-shouldered figure, about thirty years of age. His attitude and gestures were very constrained, which arose, perhaps, from the novelty of his situation; his back was bent, his head hung forward, his long legs, almost calfless, were, as if broken at the knees; in his whole person, in short, he resembled an orang-outang. He was perfectly naked, and his sole ornaments consisted of leathern rings upon the right arm. How low a grade of humanity is this! The poor natural touches one with his childish joy, in which he is assuredly happier than any of us. By the help of the Dinka interpreter, he is instructed to tell his countrymen they have no reason to retreat before such *honest* people as those who man the flotilla. Kneeling, jumping, creeping, kissing the ground, he is then led away by the hand like a child, and would assuredly take all he has seen for a dream, but for the beads he bears with him." Many of these tribes are composed of men of gigantic stature. On the 7th January, Mr. Werne being on shore, would have measured some of the taller savages, but they objected. He then gave his servants long reeds, and bade them stand beside the natives, thus ascertaining their average height to be from six to seven Rhenish feet. The Egyptians and Europeans looked like pigmies beside them. The women were in proportion with the men. Mr. Werne tells of one lady who looked clear away over his head, although he describes himself as above the middle height.

At this date (7th January) the flotilla reached a large lake, or inlet of the river, near to which a host of elephants grazed, and a multitude of light-brown antelopes stood still and stared at the intruders. The sight of the antelopes, which were of a species called *ariel*, whose flesh is particularly well-flavored, was too much for Soliman Kaschef to resist. There was no wind; he gave orders to cease towing, and went on shore to shoot his supper. The antelopes retreated when the ships grated against the bank; and as the rush-jungle was by no means safe, beasts of prey being wont to hide there to catch the antelopes as they go to water at sunset, a few soldiers were sent forward to clear the way. Nevertheless, "on our return from the chase, during which not a single shot was fired, we lost two *báltaschi*, (carpenters or sappers,) and all our signals were insufficient to bring them back. They were Egyptians, steady fellows, and most unlikely to desert; but their comrades did not trouble themselves to look for them, shrugged their shoulders, and supposed that they had been devoured by the *assad* or the *nimr*—the lion or tiger. The word *nimr* is here improperly applied, there being no tigers in Africa, but it is the general term for panthers and leopards."

Here, at four-and-twenty degrees of latitude south of Alexandria, this extraordinary river was nearly four hundred paces wide. Mr. Werne speculates on the origin of this astonishing water-course, and doubts the possibility that the springs

of the White Stream supply the innumerable lakes and creeks, and the immense tracts of marsh contiguous to it; that, too, under an African sun, which acts as a powerful and constant pump upon the immense liquid surface. When he started on his voyage, the annual rains had long terminated. What tremendous springs those must be, that could keep this vast watery territory full and overflowing! Then the sluggishness of the current is another puzzle. Were the Nile *one* stream, Mr. Werne observes—referring, of course, to the White Nile—it must flow faster than it does. And he concludes it to have tributaries, which, owing to the level nature of the ground, and to the resistance of the main stream, stagnate to a certain extent, rising and falling with the river, and contributing powerfully to its nourishment. But the notion of exploring all these watery intricacies with a flotilla of heavy-sailing barges, manned by lazy Turks and Arabs, and commanded by men who care more for getting drunk on arrack and going a-birding, than for the great results activity and intelligence might obtain, is essentially absurd. The proper squadron to explore the Bach'r el Abiat, through the continued windings, and up the numerous inlets depicted in Mr. Mahlmann's map, is one consisting of three small steamers, drawing very little water, with steady, well-disciplined English crews, accustomed to hot climates, and commanded by experienced and scientific officers. With the strongest interest should we watch the departure and anticipate the return of such an expedition as this. "Much might be done by a steam-boat," says Mr. Werne; who then enumerates the obstacles to its employment. To bring it over the cataracts of the Nile, (below the junction of the Blue and White Streams,) it would be necessary to take the paddles entirely out, that it might be dragged up with ropes, like a sailing vessel. Or else it might be built at Chartum, but for the want of proper wood; the sunt tree timber, although very strong, being exceedingly brittle and ill-adapted for ship-building. The greatest difficulty would be the fuel—the establishment and guard of coal-stores; and as to burning charcoal, although the lower portion of the White Stream has forests enough, they are wanting on its middle and upper banks; to say nothing of the loss of time in felling and preparing the wood, of the danger of attacks from natives, &c. &c. If some of these difficulties are really formidable, others, on the contrary, might easily be overcome, and none are insuperable. Mr. Werne hardly makes sufficient allowance for the difference between Soliman Kaschef and a European naval officer, who would turn to profit the hours and days the gallant Circassian spent in antelope-shooting, in laughing at Abu Haschis the jester, and in a sort of travelling seraglio he had arranged in his inner cabin, a dark nook with closely-shut jealousies, that served as prison to an unfortunate slave-girl, who lay all day upon a carpet, with scarcely space to turn herself, guarded by a eunuch. Not a glimpse of the country did the poor thing obtain during the whole of the voyage;

and, even veiled, she was forbidden to go on deck. Besides these oriental relaxations, an occasional practical joke beguiled for the commodore the tedium of the voyage. Feizulla, the tailor-captain, whose strange passion for thimble and thread made him frequently neglect his nautical duties, chanced one day to bring to before his superior gave the signal. "Soliman Kaschef had no sooner observed this than he fired a couple of shots at Feizulla Capitan, so that I myself, standing before the cabin door, heard the bullets whistle. Feizulla did not stir, although both he and the sailors in the rigging afterwards affirmed that the balls went within a hand's-breadth of his head; he merely said, '*Mallesch—hue billab*,' (It is nothing—he jests;) and he shot twice in return, pointing the gun in the opposite direction, that Soliman might understand he took the friendly greeting as a Turkish joke, and that he, as a bad shot, dared not level at him." Soliman, on the other hand, was far too good a shot for such a sharp jest to be pleasant. The Turks account themselves the best marksmen and horsemen in the world, and are never weary of vaunting their prowess. Mr. Werne says he saw an Arnaut of Soliman's shoot a running hare with a single ball, which entered in the animal's rear, and came out in front. And it was a common practice, during the voyage, to bring down the fruit from the lofty trees by cutting the twigs with bullets. All these pastimes, however, retarded the progress of the expedition. The wind was frequently light or unfavorable, and the lazy Africans made little way with the towing rope. Then a convenient place would often tempt to a premature halt; and, notwithstanding Soliman's sharp practice with poor Feizulla, if a leading member of the party felt lazily disposed, inclined for a hunting-party, or for a visit to a negro village, he seldom had much difficulty in bringing the flotilla to an anchor. In a straight line from north to south, the expedition traversed, between its departure from Chartum and its return thither, about sixteen hundred miles. It is difficult to calculate the distance gone over; and probably Mr. Werne himself would be puzzled exactly to estimate it; but adding 20 per cent. for windings, obliquities, and digressions, (a very liberal allowance,) we get a total of nearly two thousand miles, accomplished in five months, including stoppages, being at the very moderate rate of about 13 miles a day. And this, we must remember, was on no rapid stream, but up a river, whose current, rarely faster than one mile in an hour, was more frequently only half a mile, and sometimes was so feeble that it could not be ascertained. The result is not surprising, bearing in mind the quality of ships, crews, and commanders; but write "British" for "Egyptians," and the tale would be rather different.

The upshot of this ill-conducted expedition was its arrival in the kingdom of Bari, whose capital city, Pelenja, is situated in 4° N. L., and which is inhabited by an exceedingly numerous nation, of tall and powerful build; the men six and a half to seven French feet in height—equal to seven and

seven and a half English feet—athletic, well-proportioned, and, although black, with nothing of the usual negro character in their features. The men go naked, with the exception of sandals and ornaments; the women wear leathern aprons. They cultivate tobacco and different kinds of grain; from the iron found in their mountains they manufacture weapons and other implements, and barter them with other tribes. They breed cattle and poultry, and are addicted to the chase. About fifteen hundred of these blacks came down to the shore, armed to the teeth—a sight that inspired the Turks with some uneasiness, although they had several of their chiefs on board the flotilla, besides which, the frank cordiality and good-humored, intelligent countenances of the men of Bari forbade the idea of hostile aggression. "It had been a fine opportunity for a painter or sculptor to delineate these colossal figures, admirably proportioned, no fat, all muscle, and magnificently limbed. None of them have beards, and it would seem they use a cosmetic to extirpate them. Captain Selim, whose chin was smooth-shaven, pleased them far better than the long-bearded Soliman Kaschef; and when the latter showed them his breast, covered with a fell of hair, they exhibited a sort of disgust, as at something more appropriate to a beast than to a man." Like most of the tribes on the banks of the White Nile, they extract the four lower incisors, a custom for which Mr. Werne is greatly puzzled to account, and concerning which he hazards many ingenious conjectures. Amongst the ape-like Keks and Dinkas, he fancied it to originate in a desire to distinguish themselves from the beasts of the field—to which they in so many respects assimilate; but he was shaken in this opinion, on finding the practice to prevail amongst the intelligent Bari, who need no such mark to establish their difference from the brute creation. The Dinkas on board confirmed his first hypothesis, saying that the teeth are taken out that they may not resemble the jack-ass—which in many other respects they certainly do. The Turks take it to be a rite equivalent to Mahomedan circumcision, or to Christian baptism. The Arabs have a much more extravagant supposition, which we refrain from stating, the more so as Mr. Werne discredits it. He suggests the possibility of its being an act of incorporation in a great Ethiopian nation, divided into many tribes. The operation is performed at the age of puberty; it is unaccompanied by any particular ceremonies, and women as well as men undergo it. Its motive still remains a matter of doubt to Mr. Werne.

Before Lakono, sultan of the Bari, and his favorite sultana Ischock, an ordinary-looking lady with two leathern aprons and a shaven head, came on board Selim's vessel, the Turks made repeated attempts to obtain information from some of the Sheiks concerning the gold mines, whose discovery was the main object of the expedition. A sensible sort of negro, one Lombé, replied to their questions, and extinguished their hopes. There was not even copper, he said, in the land of the Bari, although it was brought thither from a re-

moter country, and Lakono had several specimens of it in his treasury. On a gold bar being shown to him, he took it for copper, whence it was inferred that the two metals were blended in the specimens possessed by the sultan, and that the mountains of the copper country also yielded the more precious ore. This country, however, lay many days' journey distant from the Nile, and, had it even bordered on the river, there would have been no possibility of reaching it. At a very short distance above Palenja, the expedition encountered a bar of rocks thrown across the stream. And although Mr. Werne hints the possibility of having tried the passage, the Turks were sick of the voyage and were heartily glad to turn back. At the period of the floods the river rises eighteen feet; and there then could be no difficulty in surmounting the barrier. Now the waters were falling fast. The six weeks lost by Arnaud's fault were again bitterly deplored by the adventurous German—the only one of the party who really desired to proceed. Twenty days sooner, and the rocks could neither have hindered an advance nor afforded pretext for a retreat. To Mr. Werne's proposal, that they should wait two months where they were, when the setting in of the rains would obviate the difficulty, a deaf ear was turned—an insufficient stock of provisions was objected; and although the flotilla had been stored for a ten months' voyage, and had then been little more than two months absent from Chartum, the wastefulness that had prevailed gave some validity to the objection. One-and-twenty guns were fired, as a farewell salute to the beautiful country Mr. Werne would so gladly have explored, and which, he is fully convinced, contains so much of interest; and the sluggish Egyptian barks retraced their course down stream.

It is proper here to note a shrewd conjecture of Mr. Werne's, that above the point reached by himself and his companions, the difficulties of ascending the river would greatly and rapidly increase. The bed becomes rocky, and the Bach'r el Abiat, assuming in some measure the character of a mountain stream, augments the rapidity of its current; so much so, that Mr. Werne insists on the necessity of a strong north wind, believing that towing, however willingly and vigorously attempted, would be found unavailing. This is another strong argument in favor of employing steamboats.

Although the narrative of the homeward voyage is by no means uninteresting, and contains details of the river's course valuable to the geographer and to the future explorer, it has not the attraction of the up-stream narrative. The freshness is worn off; the waters sink, and the writer's spirits seem disposed to follow their example; there is all the difference between attack and retreat—between a cheerful and hopeful advance, and a retrograde movement before the work is half done. But, vexed as an enthusiastic and intrepid man might naturally feel at seeing his hopes frustrated by the indolent indifference of his companions,

Mr. Werne could hardly deem his five months thrown away. We are quite sure those who read his book will be of opinion that the time was most industriously and profitably employed.

A sorrowful welcome awaited our traveller, after his painful and fatiguing voyage. There dwelt at Chartum a renegade physician, a Palermitan named Pasquali, whose Turkish name was Soliman Effendi, and who was notorious as a poisoner, and for the unscrupulous promptness with which he removed persons in the slightest degree displeasing to himself or to his patron Achmet Bascha. In Arabia, it was currently believed, he had once poisoned thirty-three soldiers, with the sole view of bringing odium upon the physician and apothecary, two Frenchmen, who attended them. In Chartum he was well known to have committed various murders.

"Although this man," says Mr. Werne, "was most friendly and sociable with me, I had everything to fear from him on account of my brother, by whom the bascha had declared his intention of replacing him in the post of medical inspector of Bellet-Sudan. It was therefore in the most solemn earnest that I threatened him with death, if upon my return I found my brother dead, and learned that they had come at all in contact. '*Dio guardate, che affronto!*'" was his reply; and he quietly drank off his glass of rum, the same affront having already been offered him in the Bascha's divan; the reference being naturally to the poisonings laid to his charge in Arabia and here."

At Chartum Mr. Werne found his brother alive, but on the eleventh day after his return he died in his arms. The renegade had had no occasion to employ his venomous drugs; the work had been done as surely by the fatal influence of the noxious climate.

THE CHARACTER OF HALIFAX.

AMONG the statesmen of his age Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, lustrous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind, he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the ex-

aggregations, of both the great parties in the state, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamors of demagogues. He despised still more the tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our own time, is called a conservative. In theory he was a republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a privy councillor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot, that he was called by the uncharitable an Atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and in truth though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions. He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead of quarrelling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honor, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. Everything good, he said, trims between extremes. The temperate zone trims between the climate in which men are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen. The English Church trims between the Anabaptist madness and the Papist lethargy. The English constitution trims between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Virtue is nothing but a just temper between propensities, any one of which, if indulged to excess, becomes vice. Nay, the perfection of the Supreme Being himself consists in the exact equilibrium of attributes, none of which could preponderate without disturbing the whole moral and physical order of the world. Thus Halifax was a trimmer on principle. He was also a trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. He must not, however, be confounded with the vulgar crowd of renegades. For though, like them, he passed from side to side, his transition was always in the direction opposite to theirs. He had nothing in common with those who fly from extreme to extreme, and who regard the party which they have deserted with an animosity far exceeding that of consistent enemies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either. The party to which he at any moment

belonged was the party which at that moment he liked least, because it was the party of which at that moment he had the nearest view. He was, therefore, always severe upon his violent associates, and was always in friendly relations with his moderate opponents. Every faction, in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph, incurred his censure; and every faction, when vanquished and persecuted, found in him a protector. To his lasting honor it must be mentioned that he attempted to save those victims whose fate has left the deepest stain both on the whig and on the tory name. He had greatly distinguished himself in opposition, and had thus drawn on himself the royal displeasure, which was indeed so strong, that he was not admitted into the council of thirty without much difficulty and long altercation. As soon, however, as he had obtained a footing at court, the charms of his manner and of his conversation made him a favorite. He was seriously alarmed by the violence of the public discontent. He thought that liberty was for the present safe, and that order and legitimate authority were in danger. He therefore, as was his fashion, joined himself to the weaker side. Perhaps his conversion was not wholly disinterested. For study and reflection, though they had emancipated him from many vulgar prejudices, had left him a slave to vulgar desires. Money he did not want; and there is no evidence that he ever obtained it by any means which, in that age, even severe censors considered as dishonorable; but rank and power had strong attractions for him. He pretended, indeed, that he considered titles and great offices as baits which could allure none but fools; that he hated business, pomp, and pageantry, and that his dearest wish was to escape from the bustle and glitter of Whitehall to the quiet woods which surrounded his ancient hall at Rufford; but his conduct was not a little at variance with his professions. In truth, he wished to command the respect at once of courtiers and of philosophers; to be admired for attaining high dignities, and to be at the same time admired for despising them.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

NEW MATERIAL FOR BATTERIES.—A two-gun battery is in progress of construction at the Butt, in the royal arsenal, to test the qualities of a composition submitted by Mr. Kirrage, which is said to possess greater advantages for the service than any yet tried, as in the event of shot striking it, it will not separate into pieces, which are so liable to injure the men working the guns, when employed on the batteries formed of the materials at present in use. Platforms constructed of Mr. Kirrage's composition are not expected to be injured by the recoil of the guns when fired; and the longer the material stands, the more combined and durable it will become. The battery will be ready for the select committee about the end of the first week in January next. The inventor has also applied his composition to other purposes—having enclosed a child of his own, who died in 1842, and another who died about twelve months ago, in his patent coffins. Both the bodies are still in his possession, and the former he has kept in his bed-room for upwards of three years.—*Chronicle.*

From Gallnani's Messenger, 26 Dec.

SOCIALIST WOMEN.

A SECOND banquet, entitled "A banquet of democratic socialist women," was held yesterday, at the Salle Valentino. The total number of guests was 800, including men and children, and, indeed, the great majority was composed of men. It was announced that the representatives of the party of the Montagne would be present, but we believe only M. Pierre Leroux and M. Félix Pyat, attended. The tickets of admission for grown persons were 1 fr. 50c. each, those for children 50c. only, and after dinner the public was admitted into the galleries at 25c. each. The first speech delivered was by a woman, and was, we understand, called the "Sermon on the Mount," in which socialism was enjoined in the name of Christ. This was followed by toasts of *A la Fraternité universelle!* by Mme. Simon; *A l'Avènement du Règne de Dieu sur la Terre!* by Mme. Desroches; and *A la Liberté!* by Mme. Candelot. M. Pierre Leroux addressed the company in a short speech which he concluded with saying:—"Jésus Christ, our Redeemer, has not created castes. We socialists, therefore, take off the veil in which the priests have wished to envelope forever the altars of truth." Mme. Granet delivered a rhapsody on the subject of Christmas, into which she contrived to introduce the names of Saint-Simon and Fourier. M. Hervé delivered an apology for Saint-Just, and finished with proposing his name as a toast in conjunction with those of Couthon and Robespierre. This was followed by others, of *Aux Femmes!* by Mme. Moneot; *A nos Mères et à nos Enfants!* by Mme. Marie; *Au Christ vivant, à la France!* by M. Bernard, who attempted to establish an assimilation between Jésus Christ and the people of France. This was succeeded by a toast, *A Marie, première propagatrice du Socialisme!* by a lady; and several others of the same character, among which were *A la Religion!* by M. Constant; *A. M. Fourier!* by a lady. Fables and other pieces of poetry were recited, and patriotic songs were sung. At an interval, in the evening, M. Bernard announced that M. Lagrange had sent to the committee the speech he was to have spoken in the National Assembly, in favor of the amnesty, which the committee had caused to be printed, and was to be sold in the room. He earnestly desired all the guests to buy a copy, even those who had already read it, because it could not be too much read. But his recommendation was not very extensively followed. Another banquet, called religious and social, at which the Abbé Châtel presided, was held at the Barrière de Sèvres, the tickets being 1 fr. 25c. each. It was announced that all the disciples and adepts of the Eglise Française would attend; but whether this were so we cannot tell, for we learn that the number of the guests, male and female, did not amount to more than one hundred. Mme. Durand gave as the first toast: *A l'Amnistie sans exception, c'est-à-dire à l'Amnistie*

absolue! and *A la Religion naturelle du Christ!* which, she added, had been so many years preached by the respectable president. Mme. Constant proposed a toast—To the amnesty of our poor prisoners at Vincennes! of our sisters who ought to be here, but who are incarcerated in the prison of Saint Lazare! To our brothers and sisters of Nantes, who would be happy to be seated here! I hope, she added, that we shall soon have temples for our religion; if we have them not already, it is because the Roman religion prevents it; but the day is not far off when all these men in black will be trampled under foot. She concluded with exclaiming, "Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale! vive Raspail! vive Barbès! vive l'Abbé Châtel!" Cries which were repeated by all the guests. After some minutes of silence Mme. Come, the wife of a journeyman-baker, a young woman very little more than twenty years of age, ascended the tribune and proposed a toast: "Au Brave, à l'Incorruptible Lagrange!" To him, whom we ought all to love! To the amnesty he has so generously demanded, and which he will continue to demand with resolute perseverance! Be assured that he will obtain it! It shall be granted to him—it must! If it be refused to his devoted perseverance, he will demand it with his musket! (Loud plaudits.) The Abbé Châtel upon this rose and observed that in the warmth of an unprepared speech some things may occasionally escape from the mouth which the heart upon reflection afterwards repudiates, and that it was well understood that no one then present wished to have resorted to any but legal means to obtain their desires. M. Picauret recommended the guests to preserve union and fraternity, and forget the evil that may have been done to them. M. Duret gave a toast: *A la République démocratique et sociale!*—a German democrat, in proposing a toast to Robert Blum, observed that Mme. Come, in speaking of the musket of Lagrange, must have been mistaken. Mme. Come explained, saying that she had been misunderstood—that she did not mean to say that Lagrange would take up his musket, but they, if their prayers for the release of their brothers were not listened to, would act. She was not a man, but that did not make any difference, and she promised that she would not be the last. M. Riboulot, a minister of the Eglise Française, then proposed as a toast: *A la Fraternité universelle! c'est-à-dire à la réalisation prochaine de la pensée qui y préside!* and the Abbé Châtel gave the following as the concluding toast: *A Jésus Christ, le grand Apôtre du Socialisme!* The banquet concluded with the singing of some canticles used in the *Eglise Française*, and several patriotic airs.

THE *Journal des Débats* says it is announced that M. Guizot has written in London a work, entitled "De la Démocratie en France," which will be published in Paris in the course of the next month.

LAW OF DIVORCE—THE BUTLER CASE.

THE English law of divorce is, practically, the strictest in Europe; and it requires no common share of nerve, as well as money, to attempt the dissolution of the marriage tie in this country. The only admissible ground is adultery; and the only legal mode is an act of parliament, which (if the husband is the applicant) must be preceded by an act of criminal conversation, and (in any case) by a judgment of separation, *a mensâ et thoro*, in the spiritual court. An able writer in a legal periodical computes the average expense of the proceedings at from £1000 to £1500, unless extraordinary difficulties occur, when it may be indefinitely increased. It follows that the relief extended to the rich man, in the simple case of an ill-starred union, is partial and incomplete; whilst the poor man is utterly remediless under the most complicated and aggravated wrongs. We may take another opportunity, however of commenting on this branch of our legislation; merely remarking, for the present, that no one can be more strongly convinced than we are, that the marriage vow would lose its force, if it were liable (as in some German states) to be set aside on the first growth of a new inclination, the first discovery of a difference of taste or temper, or the first feeling of satiety. Our purpose in now adverting to the subject is simply to induce a reflective consideration of one of the most important and difficult social questions that can engage the thoughts of the moralist or the legislator. With a view of facilitating a comparison between the English and American law of divorce, we now invite attention to the very remarkable case of Butler vs. Butler, proceeding in the American courts. The wilful desertion of either husband or wife, by the other, for a given period, is, in many Protestant countries, a sufficient ground for annulling a marriage. In Scotland, the period is four years. In Pennsylvania it has been fixed at two, and the desertion must have been "wilful, malicious, and consecutive." Mr. Butler's complaint is, that his wife, the celebrated actress and authoress, has abandoned and lived away from him, without reasonable cause, since September 11, 1845. He admits her conduct to have been pure, and her reputation intact. Her formal answer is threefold:—"1. That the libellant had so behaved himself as to withdraw himself altogether from the respondent, and had ceased to be a husband, in consequence of his own unlawful and wrongful conduct. 2. That he had assented to the absence of Mrs. Butler, and had subsequently approved of her leaving the house. 3. That his constant cruel treatment had been such as to make her life burdensome, and had been marked by a course of constant indignities." The particular facts, in proof of these general allegations are set forth in the answer, and were not denied by Mr. Butler's counsel. Indeed, they objected to an issue, and called upon the court to decide upon facts as they stood, without the intervention of a jury. The reflections suggested by

the proceedings, and the inferences which we may feel compelled to draw from them, will, therefore, be very little affected by the ultimate decision. Mr. and Mrs. Butler married in 1834, have lived apart since 1842; but they continued to reside under the same roof until 1844. At the commencement of that year, Mr. Butler announced an intention of removing the children, and forbidding his wife to accompany them, except upon certain conditions. "These conditions were such, that Mrs. Butler could hardly persuade herself to accept them. An accident, however, happening to one of the children, she was induced by the circumstance to desire to accompany them, even though the terms were distasteful. This being communicated to Mr. Butler, he refused to accede to the request, on the ground that, by her having allowed the two days to pass, she had 'abandoned' her children. Early in August, his preparations were completed. On coming in from a walk, one day, Mrs. Butler found the nursery-maid packing up the children's clothes, Mr. Butler being in the room, whistling with great composure. The children were taken away, and there was no other course possible than for Mrs. Butler to go to a boarding-house." It was, however, subsequently arranged that Mr. Butler should take her back with him into the house, on her signing fresh conditions; two of which were, that she should never speak of him to any one, and should give up all acquaintance and intercourse with the "Sedgwick family," one of the most ancient, distinguished, and truly respectable families in the United States. She reluctantly assented, and was received back into her husband's house on March 3, 1845. On the 12th of April she received an envelop from her husband, containing a letter from Miss Sedgwick, her dearest friend, which she opened and read. This he thought proper to treat as a breach of the conditions, asserting that she ought to have warned the Sedgwicks not to write, and to have sent back any letter from either of them, unopened in a blank cover. She was accordingly turned out of the house, for the third or fourth time; and, naturally enough, she denounces the enclosure of the Sedgwick letter as a "trap." Indeed, unless her account of the final breach be altogether a fiction, she appears to have been tempted and trifled with almost as cruelly as poor Joan of Arc, when her male attire was placed beside her in prison, or as Amy Robsart, when she was lured to destruction by an appeal to the best feelings of her heart. Mrs. Butler adds, that, on finding herself excluded from her husband's house, she sailed for England, with the view of taking refuge with her family; and, on the non-payment of her allowance, "resorted to the laborious and distasteful profession of her youth." Mr. Butler's counsel admits the charge of nonchalance, but says, "In England they hold that nonchalance is the Corinthian column in the character of a gentleman." This is new to us. He then asks—"Why did she go to her sister's house? Because of the

wayward, intractable, ungovernable temper which she acknowledges, and which she confesses is the cause of all the bitterness between them. And what was the cause of this difficulty? That Mr. Butler wished to prevent her from making publications on the subject of slavery." But it appears from the correspondence, that she finally agreed to all the conditions imposed by him; her letters are unexceptionable; and as to temper, the only excuse (if it be excuse) that can possibly be suggested for Mr. Butler's conduct, on the reported facts, is that his wife was a woman of genius, and that there might have existed deep rooted, essential, and unalterable incompatibility from the first. Among Retzsch's "*Fancies*," is one representing the poetical temperament, bound down and struggling with the common-place ties and every-day habits of the world. What a tone of bitterness breathes in Milton's remarks on marriage! How suggestive of domestic misery is Shakspeare's well-known bequest, "Item, I give unto my wife my *second best bed*, with the furniture." Byron has told his own story, and the satirist cannot parody it:—

Sated with home, of wife and children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home.

Mrs. Butler has often been called the female Byron; for all her writings (including the "*Year of Consolation*," in which she was *not* consoled) are tinged with intense self-consciousness, and display, together with the finest sensibility and the loftiest imagination, a more than ordinary degree of suffering under the privations, pettinesses, and conventional observances of life. What might not kindness, forbearance, gentleness, and sympathy have made of such a nature! But we are trenching on dangerous ground. We are unfeignedly anxious to hold the scales even; and enough has been said on this head, if we have satisfied the candid and discriminating, that men and women of genius, and all whose destiny is mixed up with theirs, can never be fairly judged, unless we remember (with Erskine) "that very many of our most repented errors have been grafted, by human imperfection, upon the noblest of our qualities and the brightest of our gifts."—*Chronicle*.

PATRONAGE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.—During the late war it is well-known that both Admirals Nelson and Collingwood frequently and indignantly complained that they had no power to promote their officers, the admiralty sending out untried and inexperienced captains to take the command of frigates—carpet sailors, who knew more of the opera and Almack's than they did of the quarter-deck. They were forced on the service by aristocratic influence. Hereditary legislators claimed and executed the right of hereditary appointments in the navy. It was the same in the army, as the Duke of Wellington testifies. From a tract of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, we make the following extracts. The duke thus writes to

Lieut. Colonel Torrens, military secretary to the commander-in-chief, on 4th August, 1810:—

"My secretary keeps the register of the applications, memorials, and regimental applications for promotions, a trouble which, by the bye, might as well be saved; and I, who command the largest British army that has been employed against the enemy for many years, and who have upon my hands certainly the most difficult and extensive concern that was ever imposed upon any British officer, *have not the power of making even a corporal!* It is not known to the army and to strangers that I am almost ashamed of acknowledging the small degree (I ought to say nullity) of power of reward which belongs to my situation; and it is really extraordinary that I have got on hitherto so well without it. But the day must come when this system must be altered."

On the 31st of March, 1811, in a despatch to Lord Liverpool, secretary of state, Lord Wellington states that "there were political shoemakers, some of them related to the highest families in the kingdom, who obtained contracts to supply the army with cheap and bad shoes, too small for wear, but for which the soldiers had to pay a large price out of their daily pay." Since the peace this system has not been reformed. There are very many veteran peninsular officers, having no higher grade than that of captain, while those who were at school while the war was raging, are lieutenant-colonels. Similar favoritism has prevailed in the navy. In the army as well as in the church, there are pluralities. —*Britannia*.

CHORAL MUSIC.—Mr. Hullah has commenced a new series of choral concerts at Exeter Hall. On Thursday evening he produced Mendelssohn's Sacred Cantata, "*Lauda Sion*;" and repeated the *Alexander's Feast* of Handel. Mendelssohn's cantata, independently of its intrinsic excellence, derives much interest from being his last work—at least his last finished work—of any magnitude. It was composed in 1846, for a religious solemnity at Liege; and the score was afterwards given by the composer to Mr. Hullah, for performance in this country—another proof of Mendelssohn's predilection for England. The only published edition is that which has just appeared in London with English words (in addition to the original Latin) by Mr. Bartholomew, with the composer's sanction. The work is a hymn of praise; an unbroken stream of religious harmony, remarkable for simplicity, grandeur, and unity of design, all tending to heighten and enforce the prevailing sentiment, reverent yet cheerful devotion. Dealing in open, flowing melodies, and broad masses of harmony, adhering chiefly to the intervals of the diatonic scale, with a sparing but effective use of chromatic notes and enharmonic changes, the author has produced a work of comparatively easy execution, and has shown (what modern composers are apt to forget) that originality as well as greatness of effect are quite compatible with simplicity. The execution of the piece did great honor to Mr. Hullah and his performers. The solo parts were exceedingly well sung by the Misses Birch, Mr. Loekey, and Mr. Whitworth; and the choruses were given with precision, delicacy, and power.

Alexander's Feast, which Mr. Hullah produced last season, lost none of its beauties on repetition. —*Spectator*, 23 Dec.

From the Examiner.

DEATH OF CHARLES BULLER.

ANOTHER fine intellect and ornament of society has passed away—Charles Buller, the witty, the adroit, the amiable, whose career had been so bright and so honorable, and who was still so full of promise after so much of excellent performance. Charles Buller was one of the best debaters of his time, and there was no greater favorite in the house; men of all parties delighting to hear him, even those against whom his pointed arguments told. None could range from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with more success than Charles Buller. The versatility of his talents has seldom been surpassed; and it seemed that he could be everything but ill-natured or dull. The weightiest and the slightest themes were handled by him with a dexterity all his own. His mastery of banter led him to indulge in it at one time so as to incur the charge of levity; but they were bad readers of character who did not see the solid substratum of sense that lay under Charles Buller's pleasantries, and the powers of reflection that were in him ready to grasp any subject to which he gave his attention. A disposition to indolence was one of the habits belonging to his delicate health, but he had been disciplined enough by necessity to overcome it at will, and no one could apply more industriously and vigorously. Had life been granted him we are confident that he would have proved as distinguished and eminent as a man of business as he was as a man of wit and a debater. The public has lost in him a most valuable man, full of zeal for its interests, and of the enlightenment to give the best effect to his zeal. Sorrow for him is indeed not unmixed with a selfish interest. We have lost one that can ill be spared. As for his social qualities, the *Times*, with equal truth and beauty, remarks: "Those only who enjoyed the charm of his personal intercourse can describe the brilliancy of fancy which shone in all the caprices of his wit, or the tenderness of a nature which never allowed that wit to inflict a wound." The earnest tribute we subjoin, is from one who knew him well:—

A very beautiful soul has suddenly been summoned from among us; one of the clearest intellects, and most aerial activities in England, has unexpectedly been called away. Charles Buller died on Wednesday morning last; without previous sickness, reckoned of importance, till a day or two before. An event of unmixed sadness; which has created a just sorrow, private and public. The light of many a social circle is dimmer henceforth, and will miss long a presence which was always gladdening and beneficent; in the coming storms of political trouble, which heap themselves more and more in ominous clouds on our horizon, one radiant element is to be wanting now.

Mr. Buller was in his forty-third year, and had sat in parliament some twenty of those. A man long kept under, by the peculiarities of his endowment and position; but rising rapidly into importance, of late years; beginning to reap the fruits of long patience, and to see an ever wider field open round him. He was what, in party language, is

called a "reformer," from his earliest youth; and never swerved from that faith, nor could swerve. His luminous sincere intellect laid bare to him in all its abject incoherency the thing that was untrue; which thenceforth became for him a thing that was not tenable, that it was perilous and scandalous to attempt maintaining. Twenty years in the dreary weltering lake of parliamentary confusion, with its disappointments and bewilderments, had not quenched this tendency; in which, as we say, he persevered, as by a law of nature itself: for the essence of his mind was clearness, healthy purity, incompatibility with fraud in any of its forms. What he accomplished, therefore, whether great or little, was all to be added to the sum of good; none of it to be deducted. There shone mildly in his whole conduct a beautiful veracity, as if it were unconscious of itself; a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy, and hollow pretence, not in word and act only, but in thought and instinct. To a singular extent it can be said of him that he was a spontaneous clear man. Very gentle, too, though full of fire; simple, brave, graceful. What he did, and what he said, came from him as light from a luminous body; and had thus always in it a high and rare merit, which any of the more discerning could appreciate fully.

To many, for a long while, Mr. Buller passed merely for a man of wit; and certainly his beautiful natural gayety of character, which by no means meant *levity*, was commonly thought to mean it, and did, for many years, hinder the recognition of his intrinsic higher qualities. Slowly it began to be discovered that, under all this many-colored radiance and coruscation, there burnt a most steady light; a sound, penetrating intellect, full of adroit resources, and loyal by nature itself to all that was methodic, manful, true;—in brief, a mildly resolute, chivalrous and gallant character; capable of doing much serious service.

A man of wit he indisputably was, whatever more; among the wittiest of men. His speech, and manner of being, played everywhere like soft brilliancy of lambent fire round the common objects of the hour; and was, beyond all others that English society could show, entitled to the name of excellent; for it was spontaneous, like all else in him, genuine, humane—the glittering play of the soul of a real man. To hear him, the most serious of men might think within himself, "How beautiful is human gayety too!" Alone of wits, Buller never *made* wit; he could be silent, or grave enough, where better was going; often rather liked to be silent if permissible, and always was so where needful. His wit, moreover, was ever the ally of wisdom, not of folly, or unkindness or injustice; no soul was ever hurt by it; never, we believe, never did his wit offend justly any man; and often have we seen his ready resource relieve one ready to be offended, and light up a pausing circle all into harmony again. In truth it was beautiful to see such clear, almost childlike simplicity of heart, coexisting with the finished dexterities, and long experiences of a man of the world. Honor to human worth, in whatever form we find it! This man was true to his friends; true to his convictions—and true without effort, as the magnet is to the north. He was ever found on the right side; helpful to it, not obstructive of it, in all he attempted or performed.

Weak health; a faculty indeed brilliant, clear, prompt, not deficient in depth either, or in any kind of active valor, but wanting the stern energy that

could long endure to *continue* in the deep, in the chaotic new, and painfully incondite—this marked out for him his limits; which, perhaps with regrets enough, his natural veracity and practicality would lead him quietly to admit and stand by. He was not the man to grapple, in its dark and deadly dens, with the Lernaean coil of social Hydras; perhaps not under any circumstances: but he did, unassisted, what he could; faithfully himself did something, nay something truly considerable; and in his *patience* with the much that by him and his strength could not be done, let us grant there was something of beautiful too!

Properly, indeed, his career as a public man was but beginning. In the office he last held, much was silently expected of him: he himself, too, recognized well what a fearful and immense question this of Pauperism is; with what ominous rapidity the demand for solution of it is pressing on; and how little the world generally is yet aware what methods and principles, new, strange, and altogether contradictory to the shallow maxims and idle philosophies current at present, would be needed for dealing with it! This task he perhaps contemplated with apprehension;—but he is not now to be tried with this, or with any task more. He has fallen, at this point of the march, an honorable soldier; and has left us here to fight along without him. Be his memory dear and honorable to us, as that of one so worthy ought. What in him was true and valiant endures for evermore—beyond all memory or record. His light, airy brilliancy has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity. *There* shall we also, and our little works, all shortly be.

C.

LAST week we had to record the not unexpected death of Lord Melbourne; this week a still more serious loss is sustained by the political world in the premature death of Mr. Charles Buller. For although the position which the *ci-devant* premier had occupied was of higher grade, that of the actual poor-law president more nearly concerns us. Lord Melbourne belonged to the past; Mr. Buller to the present, and still more to the future. He will be much missed in practical administration, because to uncommon ability and tact he added the graces of a fine intellect and a kindly disposition. But it is chiefly as an active and powerful coadjutor in the perpetual conflict of parliament that he will be missed by his colleagues. To great vivacity and boldness of understanding he joined an easiness of disposition, which rendered him one of the most valuable of allies to a party whose popular professions exceeded its capacity of performance.

Mr. Buller first established his position as a statesman by the power which he displayed in treating the affairs of colonization and colonial government. Although he had before earned considerable applause as a speaker, his substantive reputation with the public was achieved by his comprehensive speech on the whole field of colonization in 1843; he confirmed it by his plan for applying the principles then developed to Canada;

and in the New Zealand debates he confronted the power of a ministry with equal boldness and effect. While he was able to grasp the matter of his subject with a business-like command of details, he possessed a philosophic acumen in analyzing its elements and anatomizing its theory; a lively imagination supplied a fund of illustration, apt and various; the *copia verborum* sparkled with an incessant play of pleasantry, often with the happiest flashes of wit; and an unlabored flow of eloquence carried with it the powerful influence of a high, purpose and a generous heart. For some time an undue tendency to the jocose, mistaken for habitual levity, operated as an obstacle to his advancing repute; but while the stern discipline of actual conflict, a deeper interest in the tough work of statesmanship, helped to correct that redundancy of humor, those who had before objected were unable to persevere in their austerity against a foible so agreeable, and learned to know that it was an essential part of that sensitive and animated temperament which won for Charles Buller an acceptability more universal probably than that of any other politician in his day. He contributed much, and owed much, to private friendship; and great part of his political influence was gained at the dessert-table and in the drawing-room. Charles Buller was reproached, not inaptly, with indolence; as Lord Durham had been reproached with failure to follow up the encouragement he had given to high expectations by corresponding deeds; Lord Durham died prematurely of organic disease; Mr. Buller's delicate organization, always apparent, has been attested by an early death.

Although the young statesman's easy disposition and good-fellowship made him tractable as a colleague, the trueness of his intellect and his sterling conscience compelled him to obey the appeal when it was made to strict reason or high principle; hence, with strong personal and party sympathies, he was anything but a mere party man. The influence which his conduct had fairly earned was well proved in the unbroken faith accorded to him even when he disappointed the hopes raised by his supposed appointment to be an auxiliary to the colonial office, under Lord Grey; we have reason to believe that Mr. Buller was deceived when he accepted the appointment of judge-advocate-general on that understanding.

His removal to the presidency of the poor-law board was an unexpected but useful application of his services. He carried to the hopeless subject of the poor-law an enlarged view, an original and just conception, and above all a warmth of feeling, which redeemed that much-abused law from odium and gave the coup-de-grace to anti-poor-law agitation. During his brief occupation of the office, he had set on foot improvements in the practice which at once admitted the play of more generous principles and facilitated the working of the law; and he had paved the way for more substantial amendments.—*Spectator*.

Memoirs and Adventures of Sir Kirkaldy of Grange.
1 vol. Blackwood.

SIR William Kirkaldy was essentially a character of the period in which he lived. The virtues and vices of his stormy age found in him a fitting representative. He took an active part in all the civil broils which rent poor Scotland during the troubled reign of the unhappy Mary. He was brave and chivalrous, but fierce and revengeful; not without a sense of religion, though wholly unscrupulous in his conduct. War was his trade, and he never seems to have been easy except when his sword was engaged in some desperate quarrel. It is from the biographies of such men that we comprehend the true character of the epoch in which they lived. He was reputed, it is said here, "the bravest soldier, the most accomplished cavalier, of his time." That repute in itself serves in no slight degree to illustrate the temper of the age.

He was of high birth. His father had been Lord High Treasurer to James V., and seems to have possessed something of the bold high spirit of his son. He held his office of treasurer for a time under the regency of Hamilton; but his influence declined with the ascendancy of Cardinal Beaton, and he was dismissed his office.

The part played by this haughty prelate in Scottish politics is well known. He was a cruel persecutor of the reformed teachers, and the execution of one of them, George Wishart, by fire, before his castle of St. Andrew's, had some share in bringing about his own untimely death.

William Kirkaldy joined the reformers early in life, and became intimately connected with Knox. He hated Beaton both as the merciless persecutor of the Protestants, and as the personal enemy of his father. He could scarcely have been twenty when he joined that conspiracy which terminated in one of the most ruthless deeds which stains the Scottish annals.

The whole of this conspiracy is related in a fine strain of historic narrative. First we have a picture of

THE EPISCOPAL FORTRESS OF ST. ANDREW'S.

On a rocky shore, to the northward of the venerable city of St. Andrew's, stand the ruins of the ancient Episcopal palace, in other years the residence of the primates of Scotland. Those weather-beaten remains, now pointed out to visitors by the ciceroni of the place, present only the fragments of an edifice erected by Archbishop Hamilton, the successor of Cardinal Beaton, and are somewhat in the style of a Scottish manor-house; but very different was the aspect of that vast bastille which had the proud cardinal for lord, and contained within its massive walls all the appurtenances requisite for ecclesiastical tyranny, epicurean luxury, lordly grandeur, and military defence—at once a fortress, a monastery, an inquisition, and a palace.

The sea-mews and cormorants screaming among the wave-beaten rocks and bare walls now crumbling on that bleak promontory, and echoing only to drenching surf as it rolls up the rough shelving shore, impart a peculiarly desolate effect to the grassy ruins, worn with the blasts of the German

Ocean, gray with the storms of winter, and the damp mists of March and April—an effect that is greatly increased by the venerable aspect of the dark and old ecclesiastical city to the southward, decaying, deserted, isolated, and forgotten, with its magnificent cathedral, once one of the finest Gothic structures in the world, but now, shattered by the hands of man and time, passing rapidly away. Of the grand spire which arose from the cross, and of its five lofty towers, little more than the foundations can now be traced, while a wilderness of ruins on every hand attest the departed splendors of St. Andrew's.

In the year 1546, the city, with its archiepiscopal castle, must have presented a very different appearance.

Founded by Roger, an Englishman, (son of Robert Earl of Leicester,) bishop of the diocese, the residence of the primates occupied a rock washed by a stormy sea on its north and eastern sides, from which, every winter, great masses are torn down by the encroaching waves. It endured many a tough siege during the Scottish wars, and many a ponderous rock, shot from the catapultæ, has rung on its solid walls, and many a bow and arblast have twanged around them; but they owe their principal celebrity to the fate of Cardinal Beaton. When garrisoned by the vassals of that haughty prelate, when his banner floated on its crenelated ramparts, when his sentinels, in purple and polished steel, watched them with pike and caliver—when his brass cannon, peeping from the guarded walls, overlooked the deep fosse and portecullis, that frowned its iron terrors to the fearful Reformer—it was vested with more real and more imaginary terror and importance than any edifice in Scotland.

It is said that Wishart, when bound to the stake, in view of the cardinal's palace, prophesied the downfall of his persecutor:—

He who now so proudly looks upon me from yonder lofty palace shall ere long be as ignominiously abased as he is now exalted, in opposition to the true religion.

Within fourteen months the prophecy was signally fulfilled. Beaton had recently returned to St. Andrew's from the splendid nuptials of his daughter Margaret. He knew that he had many foes; yet strong in his power, and guarded by his numerous adherents, he had no apprehension of the fate which awaited him. Equal to any chapter of Froissart, is the description we quote of

CARDINAL BEATON'S MURDER.

On Thursday, the 27th of May, 1546, William Kirkaldy came to St. Andrew's, from his father's house, which was twenty-six miles distant. He was well armed, and attended by six followers of trust. The Master of Rothes rode thither next day with five only, lest numbers should excite suspicion, and repaired to his usual inn or residence; his uncle, John Leslie, came into the city that night, fearing to excite suspicion by appearing in the vicinity of Beaton's residence, when all men knew him to be his avowed foe.

Next morning, at the early hour of three, the conspirators, sixteen in number, assembled in knots of three or four about the castle-rocks, the abbey churchyard, or its vicinity; and when the warden unfolded the great gates of the archiepiscopal mansion and lowered the bridge to let out those work-

men who had been working all night on the walls, and usually issued forth in the morning to breakfast, two men, whom the master of Rothes had placed over night, in ambush close to the fosse, rushed upon the porter, and secured the passage. So says Buchanan, who wrote upon those affairs from hearsay or memory; but other and more detailed accounts state, that when the warder lowered the bridge to let out the artisans, and receive in lime and stones, the young Laird of Grange and Peter Carmichael entered with six chosen men. As it was very early, Kirkaldy made a pretence of inquiring, "when my lord the cardinal would be stirring, and when he would be seen—if he was awake yet?"

The porter answered no; "and so indeed it was," adds Knox, "for he had been busy at his counts with Mistress Marion Ogilvie that very night; and, therefore, quietness after the rules of physic, and a morning sleep, were requisite for my lord."

During this colloquy with William Kirkaldy, the warder, who probably was ignorant of the late altercation between his lord and Norman Leslie, whom he knew perfectly, permitted that bold conspirator, with his fierce followers, to enter also. In those days all men went abroad well armed—a breast-plate, a jack or pine doublet, were usual parts of every-day attire, and every gentleman of rank was followed by a train of swash-bucklers or stout jackmen—so that the retinue of armed servants attending those two gallants probably created no surprise in the mind of the gate-ward; but his suspicions were instantly roused when the fierce John of Parkhill, the known enemy of his lord, appeared near the fosse with his drawn rapier in his hand, and others well armed behind him.

The warder rushed to the counterpoise to raise the bridge, but the strong and active Leslie sprang across the widening gap, and, ere the poor man could save himself, drove his long sword through his body, with one tremendous lunge; then, seizing the corpse with his left hand, he hurled it into the deep fosse, tearing away the keys from it as it fell, and, at the head of his retainers, burst into the castle, sword in hand, with a shout of triumph. Some workmen, who were yet lingering within the walls, were expelled by a private postern; not a citizen was stirring; to shut the gates and raise the bridge was the work of a moment; and the boasted Babylon, the dreaded Inquisition, the famous stronghold of the hapless Beatoun, was in the possession of his deadly enemies.

William Kirkaldy, being well acquainted with the castle, now seized the most important post—the private postern through which the cardinal could alone have escaped. As he approached it, Marion Ogilvie of Lintrathen was seen hurriedly to leave it, closely muffled. This fair and unfortunate lady is said to have perished, like her lover, by a violent death. Her cipher is yet to be seen on the walls of her ruined castle, near Aberlemno. William Kirkaldy appears to have guarded the postern while his companions were busy in other parts of the vast bastille they had so boldly and adroitly captured.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty individuals, gentlemen of the household, servants, workmen, &c., were threatened severally with death if they spoke, and were successfully compelled to dress and depart. Every person within the walls was turned out at the point of the sword, save the eldest son of the Regent Châtelherault, (or Arran, as the Scots usually prefer to style him,) whom the

cardinal had been keeping in a kind of durance vile, for political purposes of his own.

The fate of Beatoun was sealed.

His band of kirk vassals or paid jackmen must have been quartered in the city during the repair of the castle, as there is no mention made of them in any account of this desperate enterprise.

Roused from slumber by the unusual noise and uproar, the unhappy prelate leaped from bed, threw on a rich morning-gown, and raised the casement of his apartment. The disordered aspect of the court, the absence of his own dependents, and the appearance of strange and armed men, filled him with amazement and dismay. A terrible light broke upon him.

"What meaneth this noise?" he demanded.

"The Master of Rothes hath taken your castle!" answered some exulting vassal of the house of Leslie.

Alarmed to excess by this intelligence, he endeavored to escape by the private stair; but the postern door at the foot of it was already secured by William Kirkaldy and his vassals. The cardinal returned despairing to his bedchamber, where, assisted by a little boy, his page, (or chamber-child,) he barricaded the door with chests and other heavy furniture; then hiding a casquet of gold under some fuel that lay in a corner, he grasped a two-handed sword, resolving to die with honor to his name. These hasty preparations were scarcely completed, before the tread of the conspirators rang in the gallery, and a loud knocking shook the chamber-door.

"Open!" cried John of Parkhill.

"Who calleth?" inquired the agitated cardinal.

"My name is Leslie," was the brief and ominous response.

"Leslie!" rejoined the cardinal; "which of the Leslies?—is it Norman?"

"Nay, my name is John."

"I must have Norman," replied the poor man, attempting to touch the heart of that relentless noble. "I must have Norman—he is my friend."

"Content yourself with those that are here, for you shall have none other," was the dubious answer; and again they commanded him sternly to undo the fastening of the door, which, no doubt, like all others in those days, was secured by a complication of locks and bars. Upon his refusal, they attempted to force it; but it was strong as a wall, and their efforts were in vain.

Remembering the relentless and fanatical ferocity of these men, and how much he had to dread at their hands, all the danger and horror of his situation seem to have flashed vividly on the mind of the unfortunate cardinal. The window—alas! it was barred, and in the court below were those who longed to wash their hands in his very heart's blood. Overcome for a moment by the sudden prospect of a terrible death, he is said to have sunk into a chair, exclaiming in imploring accents—

"Sirs, I am a priest! I am a priest!" and conjured them, by the safety of their souls, to spare him and have mercy. But could mercy be expected from men whose hearts were fixed by the most furious fanaticism, by the basest mercenary motives, and most implacable revenge?

The sole reply to his entreaties was the voice of Parkhill calling loudly for "fire! fire!" to burn down the strong oaken barrier; burning coals were heaped against it with the utmost deliberation; and then Beatoun, seeing the utter futility of resistance,

on receiving a solemn promise of life, proceeded to remove the fastenings.

"Sirs," said he, "will ye spare my life?"

"It may be that we will," replied a voice.

"Swear, then, unto me by the wounds of God, and I will admit ye."

Some doubtful promise was given, and, throwing open the door, he stood before his destroyers.

Beatoun was a man in the prime of life, of noble aspect and most commanding stature; the dignity of his air, the fire of his eye, and the remembrance of his exalted rank—Cardinal of St. Stephen in Monte Cælio, Bishop of Mire-poix, Legate of Paul III., Commendator of Arbroath, and Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom of Scotland—all seem to have awed the fierce conspirators for a time, and he calmly demanded their purpose.

There was no reply.

"I am a priest!" he again urged; "I am a priest—surely ye will not slay me?" The two-handed sword was in his grasp; he manifested no disposition to use so unclerical a weapon, but watched them with a pale and agitated countenance. For an instant, but an instant only, they were irresolute; then simultaneously they rushed with their gleaming weapons upon him. John Leslie of Parkhill first drove his long arm-pit dagger into him; and then Peter Carmichael struck him repeatedly with his sword; but the wounds inflicted appear not to have been severe. Then the "gentle and modest" James Melville of Carnbee, (*not* of Raith, as it is often erroneously stated,) a fanatic of a milder though a sterner mood, and one who professed to do murder as a religious duty, struck up their weapons.

"Reflect, sirs," said he, "that this sacrifice is the work of God, and as such, ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity. Then pointing his weapon (which was a stag-sword, with a sharp-pointed blade, calculated only for thrusting) at the breast of the bleeding and sinking primate, he thus addressed him, with steady ferocity of purpose:—

"Repent thee, thou wicked cardinal, of all thy sins and iniquities, but especially of the murder of the pious Wishart, that instrument of God for the conversion of these lands. Though consumed in flames of fire before men, his death now cries for vengeance upon thee, and we are sent by God to inflict the deserved punishment. Remember that the stroke I am about to deal thee is not the mercenary blow of a hired assassin, but that of a most just retribution. And hear me protest before the Almighty power, that it is neither hatred of thy person, nor fear of thy power, nor love of thy riches, which moves me to seek thy life; but only because thou remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his most holy gospel!"

Having spoken these words, without permitting his victim to make that repentance to which he exhorted him, he thrust the stag-sword into his breast. Again and again the same vengeful blade was plunged into his body, and the cardinal sank backward upon a chair, with the blood gushing from his wounds.

"I am a priest!" he murmured; "fie! fie!—all is gone!" and instantly expired!

He was in the fifty-second year of his age.

William Kirkaldy appears not to have put forth his weapon; but from the part he acted in the enterprise he fully shared in the odium which so deservedly fell to the lot of those who enacted that cool and barbarous murder.

Such was the first exploit of Kirkaldy of Grange.

His future career was equally daring, though less ruthless. It was to him that the unhappy Mary surrendered herself at Carberry, when Bothwell dared not draw his sword in her defence; and it was he who, at a later period, maintained her banner in Scotland with desperate valor, when all hope was lost of the success of her cause. His defence of the Castle of Edinburgh against all the forces of Morton is unparalleled in the records of chivalrous courage. He had inflicted too much injury on his victors to be forgiven; the burghers of the capital, whose houses had been destroyed by his cannon, and whose property had been pillaged by his soldiers, called for his blood; and the vindictive prophecy of Knox, with whom he had had a bitter quarrel, was thought to announce and to justify his execution. There are few more impressive passages in Scottish history than that one which exhibits

KIRKALDY ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Through streets crowded to excess by scowling and vindictive citizens, by railing churchmen and pitying loyalists, he was drawn to the ancient market-cross, surrounded by the mailed soldiers of Morton. When the bright sunset of the summer evening streamed from the westward down the crowded and picturesque vista of that noble and lofty street, and "when he saw the day faire and the sunne shyning cleere" on the vast Gothic façade of St. Giles, the high fantastic gable of the old Tolbooth, grisly with the bleaching skulls of traitors, and the grim arm of the fatal gibbet, with its cords dangling near the tall octagon column and carved battlements of the cross, "then his countenance changed," and so markedly that Lindesay asked why.

"In faith! Master David," he replied, "now I well perceive that Master Knox was a true servant of God, and that his warning is about to be accomplished. Repeat unto me his last words."

The minister then rehearsed Knox's prediction, which was in every man's mouth and in all men's memory. "The soul of that man," Knox said, "is dear to me—I would fain have saved him; but he shall be dragged forth and hanged in the face of the sun!" Lindesay added that Knox had been "earnest with God for him—was sorry for that which should befall his bodie, for the love he bore him; but was assured there was mercy for his soule."

"May his words prove true!" rejoined Kirkaldy, fervently, and requested Lindesay to repeat them over to him once more. Knox had been one of his oldest and earliest friends, and now the strong spirit of the stately soldier was so subdued that he shed tears while Lindesay spoke. He expressed regret for the answer he had sent to Knox's friendly message, and added, with humility, that he was sincerely penitent for any sins of which he had unwittingly been guilty. To the last he expressed the most devoted and unshaken attachment to his country and its unhappy queen.

John Durie, another clergyman of Leith, attended him on the scaffold.

"Master David," said he, with an unaltered manner, as Lindesay was about to descend from the fatal platform, "I hope that, after men shall think that I am dead and gone, I shall give them a token of assurance of mercy to my soul, according to the words of Knox, that man of God."

The ministers retired.

Exactly at four in the afternoon he was thrust off the ladder by which he had ascended the scaffold.

"The sun being about the north-west corner of the steeple (of St. Giles,") continues the superstitious Calderwood, "as he was hanging, his face was set towards the east, but within a prettie space, turned about to the west against the sunne, and so remained; at which time Mr. David marked him—when all supposed he was dead—to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and to lay them down again soflie, which moved him with exclamatioun to glorifie God before the people!"

Then the people cried aloud that the prophecy of Knox was fulfilled.

Kirkaldy must have been about forty-five years of age only. James Mossman was hanged at the same time, and, when the evening was further advanced, Sir James Kirkaldy and James Cockie were executed on the same scaffold; and then the four bodies were quartered.

The head of Sir William was placed over the ruined gate of that castle which had been the scene of his last and most brilliant achievements. The heads of Sir James and the two burgesses were placed on high spikes on the most conspicuous parts of the walls; while their mangled remains were all consigned to some obscure place of burial.

In this memoir the spirit of the contemporary records is admirably preserved. The narrative is terse, vigorous, and picturesque. For the splendid romances of Scott we have the highest admiration, yet we are free to confess that this volume, for sustained interest, for surprising adventure, and for incidents of daring and scenes of strife, surpasses the best of them.

From the Spectator.

TERRY'S TRAVELS.*

IN 1842, Mr. Charles Terry left England for Calcutta viâ Egypt and Ceylon; and resided some three years in the city of palaces, either on private business or as a servant of the company. The state of his health, it appears, induced him to return to England in 1845; he then made a pretty extensive continental tour, embracing France, part of Italy, and Sicily; a call at Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople; a tour along the Russian borders of the Black Sea, the Danube, and Poland; and came home by way of Vienna and the Rhine. The year 1847 found him again en route to India; whence he returned last summer.

Mr. Terry is an active man, in mind apparently as well as body; and he seems to have carried on an extensive correspondence with his friends in relation to his travels; from those letters the present volume is compiled. The plan on which it has been done is a good one. There is no regular narrative, but the names of places fix the spot and mark the progression; the book consists of the more striking incidents that befell Mr. Terry, or the observations and reflections he made. By this mode, he gives us the cream of his rambles; and

* *Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands.* By Charles Terry. Published by Pickering.

as each passage is generally brief, the reader is not tired if not pleased. The result, however, is not equal to the design. Mr. Terry, though a good-humored, indefatigable, pleasant enough companion, does not seem to have been trained "how to observe," and he lacks art to make the most of his observations. He is true, but common. Almost any one, for example, who has been at Havre, or up the Seine, would be able to see more and say more than he does. It is the same throughout the modern grand tour, which now extends to the Pyramids at least. There is a want of depth and character about what he selects; even when the thing has interest in itself, his unstudied bonhomie rather flattens than raises it in description. More interest attaches to his Russian, Danubian, and Polish journey; the freshness of the scenes imparting something of novelty and interest to his accounts. His residence in Calcutta gave him an opportunity of seeing more of the natives than casual visitants, or, it would seem, than many officers of the company, take advantage of; and a three-months' trip to Arracan carried him into a region of which little is known. These sections of the *Scenes and Thoughts in Foreign Lands* are pleasant reading if not very striking, unless where the subject is obviously striking in itself; but the whole book is readable, from the straightforward, unaffected character of the writer. Here is an example of Mr. Terry benighted at a Russian post-house.

After taking off some of my several coats, &c., I began to wonder how I should procure food, as I did not speak one word of Russian, and no one could understand any language that I could speak. This was a serious matter, for I had been nearly twelve hours without food, and had brought none with me, calculating on getting provided by my companion at Akerman.

At last I thought of a language of signs, which I brought into play at once. Having two or three Cossacks round me, I directed their attention to my mouth, when I rattled my teeth and gave them some small money. This they rightly understood, and brought me a brown loaf with a strong-smelling sausage, of which latter I pleased them by making them a present.

Something to drink was my next important want, and how to manage to get it was a difficulty. I thought of lots of things I should have liked, but with no prospect of getting them. At last, with a lot of the village people around I bellowed out such "bhaous," and imitated the milkmaid's manipulations so well, that they ran off immediately, milked a cow, and brought me a pitcher of warm milk. My language of signs and symbols was so catching that one of them ran up and down a wonderful gamut of "kak, kak, kak." This I understood to mean eggs or chickens; and rightly so, for presently I got some eggs which they boiled.

With these provisions I made a hearty supper, and dropped asleep on the sofa, painfully tired.

The following description, though evidently as common as pauper deaths in England, whether in the work-house or the lodging-house, is new to us; perhaps because few Calcutta visitants trouble

their heads about such things as a Hindoo "dying-house."

Baboo * * * came to tell me that a person in my employ was taken to the dying-house to die. I immediately said, I hoped no unfair means would be used towards him; and asked my native friend if I could be allowed to see the sick man. I ordered my carriage, and the Baboo accompanied me.

We arrived at the house on the banks of the river; and the crowd assembled as usual on such occasions fell back and made way for me. I entered the little close room, and begged most of the company to retire to let in some air. The sick man was lying on a mattress on the floor, with his head bolstered up; I stooped down, felt his pulse, and watched his drowsy eye until he caught sight of me, and knew me. Poor fellow! he seemed so grateful to think I should have come to see him in such a place. I asked him if he was prepared, if he thought he was about to die? and he replied, "Yes." I then called for the native doctor; and believing him not to be in a dying state, I said so emphatically, and that I hoped no unfair means would be adopted in his case. After a little time the doctor came, and pronounced him better. I requested permission to call in European medical advice, but it was refused; nevertheless, the man did recover; and, strange to say, he returned into the world again from that place which few, very few, have left alive.

When we afterwards met, he always called me his deliverer. After my visit to the sick man, who was in good circumstances, I determined to visit the other wretched rooms and their dying inmates.

A more horrible scene I never saw or felt. In these unfurnished rooms were people dying of fever, dysentery, &c., with only an attendant, asleep or awake, waiting until death should leave their corpses to be carried to the neighboring pyre, or thrown into the holy stream.

One poor fellow was in agony with cholera, on the damp stone balcony. He had nothing but a rag round his waist; and a boy was by, watching for his last moments. I took hold of his wrist; his pulse was nearly gone; he opened his eyes upon me, but they were almost fixed in death; and the look he gave me I shall probably never forget.

I left this harrowing scene resolved to try my humble efforts towards stopping such cruel customs, in order to give the dying the friendly comfort all so greatly need at that last struggle of human existence.

Mr. Terry proposes a plan to remedy the evil he saw; but superstition stands in the way. The Hindoo dies, if he can, by the sacred Ganges; and neither priests nor patients would bear interference with their customs, though some regulations of the house might be introduced for the poor, or, as Mr. Terry proposes, a hospital substituted for the dying-house. The rich, however, do not seem to be substantially any better off.

Yesterday morning, one of the sons of an intimate Indian friend came into my room, in a flood of tears, to tell me that his father had been seized with paralysis, and that he was being taken to the river-side, according to Hindoo custom.

I hastily dressed, and accompanied him in his carriage, and we soon overtook the whole party. It was a mournful sight. The old man, still alive, was borne by several attendants on a kind of low

bedstead, and all the numerous male relatives and servants followed on foot and in vehicles.

They halted on the banks of the Hooghly, previous to taking him to a small house on the opposite side, the usual resort for the wealthy in their last moments.

Some of the family wished me to see him; and I shall never forget the scene. They formed a circle round him. I stooped down to catch his eye; the sun was rising, a northerly wind was blowing, it was a fresh morning—all around was life; yet in the midst was death near at hand. I still held his hand, until at length he saw me, knew me, and spoke to me for the last time.

They took him across the river; and as soon as I returned to my house, I wrote a note to my friend, their European doctor, to ask if anything could be done for the Baboo. The following is a copy of his reply:—

"My dear Terry—You may depend on it the Brahmins will not part with the old man's body, whatever becomes of his soul. I went to his house this morning about seven o'clock, and was told that he had been taken to the Ghaut on the other side, being the holy place; and there would not be a chance of doing him any good, unless I were to sit down all day by him, and with my own hand give him his medicine and food; for all that his relations dare give him is Gunga gal and mud, (Ganges water.) I had some hopes of him last night, had they persevered; but the only request the poor old man made to me, when he recovered sense enough to recognize me and to speak, was, 'Don't let me die at home, let me go to the river.' So you may see there is no use in such cases in forcing medical advice on them, and I am persuaded they neither want nor will allow it."

In the afternoon I went over and met the doctor there. The sick man still lived. He wished to give him a little medicine, but there was not a glass to be had within half a mile.

This morning I went over to pay a last visit to the poor old Baboo. The Brahmins had taken him to the water's edge; and there he lay, on a little mattress on the soft mud, panting, with nothing but a little thin muslin over his body, and his head bare. The rays of the sun fell on him hot enough to have injured a strong, healthy person. Three Brahmins continued to vociferate the names of goddesses in his ears, and to give him Ganges water. This mixture of superstition and cruelty disconcerted me; but, as the closing scene approached, the family begged me to retire, which I did. A few minutes afterwards, amidst one loud cry to the goddesses, the Baboo died.

From the Examiner.

Nineveh and its Remains: with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers; and an Enquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D. C. L. Two vols. Murray.

THERE is a remarkable and delightful combination, in the book before us, of valuable discovery and interesting personal narrative, such as we remember in no similar book of travel or discovery. In what seems a life-long familiarity with Eastern character and habits, in vigorous freshness and straightforward simplicity of description, in an easy power of picturesque detail sustained with

unflagging spirit—above all, in those personal qualities which win submission and exert control without appearing to exact either—Mr. Layard is not surpassed by the best of the old travellers. In the wonders of the story he has to tell, he very much surpasses them all. Books such as his may help to keep us proud of the name of Englishman.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed a worthy Arab sheikh, whose people had been employed by Mr. Layard in removal of some of the gigantic monuments of the buried Nineveh: "there is surely no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. In the name of the Most High, tell me, O bey, (addressing Mr. Layard,) what you are going to do with those stones. So many thousands of purses spent upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the *cadi* declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worship these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of those things that the English show their wisdom. But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were under ground before the deluge. I have lived on the lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and, praise be to God! all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground." Neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick, (the sheikh illustrated his description with the point of his spear,) and makes a line here, and makes a line there. Here, says he, is the palace; there, says he, is the gate; and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learnt these things? Speak, O bey; tell me the secret of wisdom."

Certainly it is wonderful. Natural were the reflections of the good Abd-ur-rahman, and we hope everybody will be as anxious for the "secret of wisdom" as he was. It is told in Mr. Layard's book. In the enterprise, sagacity, patience, and indomitable energy, which will be found in these volumes, the secret is for all to read. This is the magic, these are the prophets. Where there is no wisdom but in knives, scissors, and chintzes, such things will continue to be foolishness; but England, for all that the excellent Arab may have been told, contains something more and better than even Birmingham and Manchester.

The Arab hit the peculiarity of Mr. Layard's discoveries in dwelling most on their subterranean character. In an eloquent passage at the opening

of his work, Mr. Layard himself contrasts the aspect of the great sites of ruin on either side the Euphrates. The traveller in Asia Minor or Syria sees what was once the temple of Balbec or the theatre of Ionia in graceful fragments of columns rising through thick myrtle foliage, and, by the beauty still appealing to his senses, can measure the beauty of the past. The traveller in Mesopotamia and Chaldea sees but vast, rude, shapeless mounds, rising from scorched plains in huge mysterious heaps, to which his imagination appeals in vain. There is no response. The oracles have long been dumb. Desolation announces desolation. "There is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by." In the midst of our modern scene the lively Greek still reigns and governs, by what is left, in mental and material form, of his wondrous civilization. The Assyrian has passed away. His arts, letters, and life, have vanished from the earth. Those unshapely silent barrows are all that mark where the city of the rulers of half the earth once stood: and over them twelve centuries of Arabs have pitched their tents without thought of a "palace under ground." We think it was the traveller Niebuhr who first conjectured that a great city might have stood beneath the sullen range of hills and hillocks on the east bank of the Tigris. It was a countryman of our own* who first announced his belief that actual ruins might yet be found there, and yield up some day the vanished marvels of the past. So matters stood till about five years ago.

M. Botta was then appointed French Consul at Mosul. The nephew of the celebrated historian of Italy, he had inherited his antiquarian tastes, and, after various unproductive researches on the bank of the Tigris, the supposed site of the ancient city, his perseverance was rewarded by a most remarkable discovery in a little village (Khor-sabad) near Mosul. He came upon what evidently appears to have been a palace built in the neighborhood of Nineveh by one of its great monarchs, and covered with sculptures commemorating the glories of his reign. Mr. Layard was at this time in the East, with which several years' previous wanderings had made him familiar; and had passed through Mosul on his way to Constantinople during M. Botta's unsuccessful investigations. He urged M. Botta to persevere, and subsequently, ignorant of his success elsewhere, wrote to him from Constantinople to suggest the great mound of Nimroud, a village on the Tigris eighteen miles below Mosul, as likely to prove the richest scene of discovery. This Nimroud had long been in Mr. Layard's thoughts and hopes, and some years before he had proposed an examination of it to an architect attached to the French embassy in Persia. But M. Botta, already repulsed in that direction and now successful in another, resisted these importunities, (renewed more strongly when what he had succeeded in was known,) preferred

* Rich's Travels in Koordistan.

to limit himself to his discovery in Khorsabad, steadily completed his researches on that spot, and identified his name with the first Assyrian monument that had seen the light for nearly three thousand years. Let all due honor be paid always to this distinguished Frenchman. Mr. Layard would not surrender Nimroud, nevertheless. He went about possessed with its idea. Few encouraged him, yet he refused to abandon it. At last he got a hearing from that English minister whose name is not more honored for eminent political abilities and services, than for services rendered in enriching his country with a series of the most ancient monuments of art. Sir Stratford Canning, ever eager to promote great and good undertakings, supplied from his private purse the means to enable Mr. Layard to commence excavations at Nimroud. And beneath Nimroud was discovered Nineveh!

We are now to speak of the contents of Mr. Layard's book, wherein the whole wondrous narrative is given; and whether its more surprising interest is in the discovery itself, or in the difficulties and intrigues which had to be overcome in the course of it, we should be greatly at a loss to say. We can give but few specimens of either, but they will stimulate the reader's curiosity to ascertain all. We repeat that there has been no such picture in any modern book of travels. Park is not braver or more adventurous, Burekhardt is not more truthful, Eothen not more gay and picturesque, than the hero of the book before us. Mr. Layard is the centre of wild groups of gesticulating and screaming Arabs and Chaldeans, whom he turns to the most patient and persevering workmen, to whom he endears himself by his justice and courage, and whose protector he becomes. Sheikhs and chieftains gather round him, attracted by the incomprehensible oddity of his subterranean proceedings. Some to be friendly with him, whom he teaches to be proud of his friendship; some to wheedle presents from him, which without a jot of offence he manages to refuse; some to plunder him, whom he exposes, arrests, and punishes, in the very teeth of their armed followers. The most rascally of Turkish pashas, the most pious of Arab Mussulmans, find their match in Mr. Layard; yet with as little affectation of piety as of rascality to help him. The secret, when known, seems a simple one. He never puts himself beneath the level of Turk or Arab, be he governor or robber; he is either equal or superior to all with whom he is brought into contact. If the *cadi* and the *ulema*, in other words the lawyers and parsons, are able to intrigue now and then successfully against him, it is because they shrewdly keep themselves altogether out of his way.

Here is a sketch of the Governor of Mosul, to whom Mr. Layard brought letters from Constantinople:—

Mohammed Pasha, being a native of Candia, was usually known as Keritli Oglu, (the son of the Cre-

tan,) to distinguish him from his celebrated predecessor of the same name, who was called, during his lifetime, "Injeh Bairakdar," or the Little Standard-bearer, from the rank he had once held in the irregular cavalry. The appearance of his excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*; or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear of his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul, he had induced several of the principal aghas who had fled from the town on his approach, to return to their homes; and having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats to show how much his word could be depended upon. At the time of my arrival, the population was in a state of terror and despair. Even the appearance of a casual traveller led to hopes, and reports were whispered about the town of the deposition of the tyrant. Of this the pasha was aware, and hit upon a plan to test the feelings of the people towards him. He was suddenly taken ill one afternoon, and was carried to his harem almost lifeless. On the following morning the palace was closed, and the attendants answered inquiries by mysterious motions, which could only be interpreted in one fashion. The doubts of the Mosuleans gradually gave way to general rejoicings; but at mid-day his excellency, who had posted his spies all over the town, appeared in perfect health in the market-place. A general trembling seized the inhabitants. His vengeance fell principally upon those who possessed property, and had hitherto escaped his rapacity. They were seized and stripped, on the plea that they had spread reports detrimental to his authority.

The worthy man was curious to know what the Frank had come for, but the Frank did not enlighten him. His letters presented and the interview over, he straightway betook himself to a raft on the Tigris, accompanied by a British merchant (Mr. Ross) resident in Mosul; floated down to Nimroud, picking up a poor but intelligent Arab sheikh by the way, and obtaining by his means six Arab workmen; and then, with an excited brain more than ever full of visions of palaces, gigantic monsters, sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, began his work. In the course of the first morning, what was evidently the top of a chamber was discovered; and before the close of the second evening, Mr. Layard found himself standing in a room built of alabaster slabs, the centres of which were covered with writing. The Arabs meanwhile were lost in amazement as to what the motives of this earth-digging Frank could possibly be. Till at last—

In the rubbish near the bottom of the chamber, I found several ivory ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding; amongst them was the figure of

a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers designed with great taste and elegance. Awad, who had his own suspicions of the object of my search, which he could scarcely persuade himself was limited to mere stones, carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold leaf he could find in the rubbish; and, calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. "O bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the pasha." The sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He left me, muttering "Yia Rubbi!" and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.

A few days later, having now made the grounds of his experiment reasonably sure, Mr. Layard galloped back to Mosul, which he found in great excitement from the manoeuvres of a rogue of a *cadi*, who had exaggerated the reports of the gold leaf to excite the cupidity of the townsfolk, and was getting up a riot against the British vice-consulate on pretence that the Franks were going to buy up the whole of Turkey. "Wallah!" exclaimed the pasha to Mr. Layard, (who had found him still busily collecting pecuniary damage for the insult of his subjects in laughing at his death,) "does that ill-conditioned fellow (the *cadi*) think that he has Sheriff Pasha to deal with, that he must be planning a riot in the town? When I was at Sivas the ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dirt. Wallah! I took every gravestone and built up the castle walls with them." This was highly satisfactory to Mr. Layard; but presently after, on the worthy "son of the Cretan" professing his utter ignorance of the Nimroud excavations, he knew what to expect; and shaping his own remarks accordingly, was very soon presented by the pasha with an even dirtier piece of paper than Awad's, wherein lay an almost invisible particle of gold leaf. Hereupon Mr. Layard unreservedly promised him all the precious metals he should discover, and went back to Nimroud with assurance of protection.

The workmen were now increased by several Chaldeans, and the work went on bravely. Chamber revealed itself after chamber, and at length, amid wild screamings of the Arabs and to his own breathless contentment, bas reliefs and painted sculptures were exposed to view, and he began to see what Ezekiel describes Aholibah to have seen, thousands of years ago. "She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion. Girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea,

the land of their nativity: * * * captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of them desirable young men." On these wonders Mr. Layard sits silently meditating, as well he may, when in comes Daoud Agha, (chief of the pasha's irregulars, and the spy from whom he got the gold leaf,) and in a long hyperbolic speech says he must stop the excavations. Away rode Mr. Layard at once into Mosul, startled the unprepared pasha into disavowal of Daoud, and hastened back again to Nimroud. Then close upon his heels comes Daoud with fresh orders, and back hurries Mr. Layard once more to the lying son of the Cretan. "It was with deep regret," said the old rascal taken again by surprise, and forgetting his former abuse of the grave-protecting ulema and *cadi*, "I learnt, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the *cadi* and mufti have already made representations to me on the subject." To this Mr. Layard replied, in the first place, with a solemn assurance that no graves had been disturbed. "In the second place," he continued, "after the wise and firm *politica* which your excellency exhibited at Sivas, grave-stones would present no difficulty. Please God, the *cadi* and mufti have profited by the lesson which your excellency gave to the ill-mannered ulema of that city." "Ah!" retorted the pasha, seeing his blunder, "in Sivas I had Mussulmans to deal with, but here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed. You are my dearest and most intimate friend: if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! Your life is more valuable than old stones. Besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head." Mr. Layard was fain to ride back to Nimroud, content with permission to copy the inscriptions and figures already discovered; and great was his surprise, on coming to the mound, to find gravestones really disturbed, such as before he had not noted. Daoud Agha had been at work during the night. He confessed the trick afterwards. "We have destroyed more real tombs of the true believers," said he, "in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones."

By a happy accident alone was Mr. Layard enabled to resume. The pasha received sudden dismissal, and a successor "of the new school" took his place. The last time Mr. Layard saw the son of the Cretan, he was sitting in a dilapidated chamber, through which the rain penetrated without hindrance: and for the moment adversity had made even this lying rascal pathetic and respectable. "Thus it is with God's creatures," said he: "yesterday all those dogs were kissing my feet; to-day every one, and everything, falls upon me, even the rain!" Let us not leave him

and his tricks without mentioning that the grave-disturbing objection met Mr. Layard at a later point in his researches, in a downright serious form. He came upon real graves, and sincere Mussulmen objected. But we never find Mr. Layard without a resource. How could the tombs be possibly the tombs of true believers, said he, and their feet not turned to Mecca? An elaborate argument on this head satisfied his pious laborers, and their work went on.

Such, and so various, were the interruptions—sudden strokes of success bringing often the most serious of all. Here is a curious instance. The day after the discovery of the first full-length painted and sculptured figures, Mr. Layard went to visit a neighboring Arab chief, to guard against the plundering propensities of his tribe.

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me, as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and

rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant. Engaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them, and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning Arabs from the other side of the Tigris, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their curiosity, and came in crowds, with their children, from afar. My cawass was stationed during the day in the trench, into which I would not allow the multitude to descend.

As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the *cadi*, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the *mufi* and the *ulema* together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Mussulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The *cadi* had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true-believing prophet, or an infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from his excellency, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject.

To this let us add Mr. Layard's subsequent reflection on this most memorable discovery:—

I ascertained by the end of March the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height, and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly

developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part, facing the chamber, were in full; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side-view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs; two were carved on the end of the slab to face the chamber, and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors, had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst these before me had but now appeared to bear witness in the words of the prophet, that once the "the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs * * * his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;" for now is "Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie

down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."

Mr. Layard was now obliged to proceed with caution; and leaving only two men at the works to dig leisurely along the walls, he mixed more freely with the surrounding Arab tribes, interchanged civilities with them, established friendly relations, and pretty largely confirmed and extended the impression at once of his power and his pliability. There were some inconveniences, which he had to parry as he could. On giving three of the chiefs, for example, small presents, he found his friendly circle suddenly enlarged.

The intimacy, however, which sprang from these acts of generosity, was not in all respects of the most desirable or convenient nature. The Arab compliment of "my house is your house" was accepted more literally than I had intended, and I was seldom free from a large addition to my establishment. A sheikh and a dozen of his attendants were generally installed in my huts, whilst their mares were tied at every door. My fame even reached the mountains, and one day, on returning from Mosul, I found a Kurdish chief, with a numerous suite, in the full enjoyment of my premises. The whole party were dressed in the height of fashion. Every color had received due consideration in their attire. Their arms were of very superior design and workmanship, their turbans of adequate height and capacity. The chief enjoyed a multiplicity of titles, political, civil and ecclesiastical; he was announced as Mullah Ali Effendi Bey; and brought, as a token of friendship, a skin of honey and cheese, a Kurdish carpet, and some horse trappings. I felt honored by the presence of so illustrious a personage, and the duties of hospitality compelled me to accept his offerings, which were duly placed amongst the stores.

He had evidently some motive sufficiently powerful to overcome his very marked religious prejudices—motives which certainly could not be traced to disinterested friendship. Like Shylock, he would have said, had he not been of too good breeding, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you;" for he sat in solitary sanctity to eat his own pillaf, drank out of a reserved jar, and sought the dwellings of the true believers to spread his prayer-carpet. Dogs were an abomination to him, and two of his attendants were constantly on the watch to keep his legs and the lower part of his garments free from the touch of my greyhounds, who wandered through the premises.

As my guest was the chief of a large tribe of nomad Kurds who inhabit the mountains in the neighborhood of Rowandiz during the summer, and the plains around Arbil in winter, I did not feel the necessity of conciliating him as I had done the Arab sheiks encamping near Nimroud, nor did I desire to encourage visits from persons of his sanctity and condition. I allowed him therefore to remain without making any return for his presents, or understanding the hints on the subject he took frequent occasion to drop. At length, on the second evening, his secretary asked for an interview. "The Mullah Effendi," said he, "will leave your lordship's abode to-morrow. Praise be to God, the

most disinterested and sincere friendship has been established between you, and it is suitable that your lordship should take this opportunity of giving a public testimony of your regard for his reverence. Not that he desires to accept anything from you, but it would be highly gratifying to him to prove to his tribe that he has met with a friendly reception from so distinguished a person as yourself, and to spread through the mountains reports of your generosity." "I regret," answered I, "that the trifling differences in matters of religion which exist between us, should preclude the possibility of the effendi's accepting anything from me; for I am convinced that, however amiable and friendly he may be, a man of his sanctity would not do anything forbidden by the law. I am at a loss, therefore, to know how I can meet his wishes." "Although," he rejoined, "there might perhaps be some difficulty on that score, yet it could be, I hope, overcome. Moreover, there are his attendants; they are not so particular as he is, and, thank God, we are all one. To each of them you might give a pair of yellow boots and a silk dress; besides, if you chance to have any pistols or daggers, they would be satisfied with them. As for me, I am a man of letters, and, having nothing to do with arms and boots, you might, therefore, show your approbation of my devotedness to your service, by giving me white linen for a turban, and a pair of breeches. The effendi, however, would not object to a set of razors, because the handles are of ivory and the blades of steel; and it is stated in the Hadith that those materials do not absorb moisture; * besides, he would feel obliged if you would lend him a small sum—five purses, for instance, (Wallah, Billah, Tillah, he would do the same for you at any time,) for which he would give you a note of hand." "It is very unfortunate," I replied, "that there is not a bazar in the village. I will make a list of all the articles you specify as proper to be given to the attendants and to yourself. But these can only be procured in Mosul, and two days would elapse before they could reach me. I could not think of taking up so much of the valuable time of the Mullah Effendi, whose absence must already have been sorely felt by his tribe. With regard to the money, for which, God forbid that I should think of taking any note of hand, (praise be to God! we are on much too good terms for such formalities,) and to the razors, I think it would give more convincing proof of my esteem for the effendi, if I were myself to return his welcome visit, and be the bearer of suitable presents." Finding that a more satisfactory answer could not be obtained, the secretary retired with evident marks of disappointment in his face.

His leisure continuing perforce till he should receive fresh authority and help from Constantinople, Mr. Layard, accompanied by some friends, among whom were the French consul and his wife, now visited the famous ruins of Al Hather, and gives us lively sketches of the various Kurdish tribes they met with on the way. On his return he gives a great ball and feast to his friend the Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman; and in acknowledgment

* The Sheens and some other sects, who scrupulously adhere to the precepts of the Koran and to the Hadith or sacred traditions, make a distinction between those things which may be used or touched by a Mussulman after they have been in the hands of a Christian, and those which may not; this distinction depends upon whether they be, according to their doctors, absorbents or non-absorbents. If they are supposed to absorb moisture, they become unclean after contact with an unbeliever.

next day, his friend the sheikh receives and honors the party by a great entertainment in his tents, and Mr. Layard leads off with the chieftain in a dance of five hundred warriors and women. But the good Abd-ur-rahman is suddenly struck to the heart, by a surer weapon than the best spear of his tribe. He has fallen in love with the lady of the French consul. He stops dancing, and sits gazing from a corner of the tent. "Wallah!" he whispered to Mr. Layard, "she is the sister of the sun! What would you have more beautiful than that? Had I a thousand horses, I would give them all for such a wife. See!—her eyes are like the eyes of my mare, her hair is as bitumen, and her complexion resembles the finest Busrah dates. Any one would die for a Houri like that." The sheikh was justified in his admiration, adds Mr. Layard.

The works were now resumed, some most striking discoveries came to light, and the delight of the children of the desert knew no bounds.

As each head was uncovered they showed their amazement by extravagant gestures, or exclamations of surprise. If it was a bearded man, they concluded at once that it was an idol or a Jin, and cursed or spat upon it. If an eunuch, they declared that it was the likeness of a beautiful female, and kissed or patted the cheek. They soon felt as much interest as I did in the objects discovered, and worked with renewed ardor when their curiosity was excited by the appearance of a fresh sculpture. On such occasions they would strip themselves almost naked, throw the handkerchief from their heads, and letting their matted hair stream in the wind, rush like madmen into the trenches, and carry off the baskets of earth, shouting, at the same time, the war-cry of the tribe.

But the heat of the weather (it was now near the close of August, 1846) proved at last the gravest interruption of all, and Mr. Layard, obliged to seek a cooler climate, takes a month's holiday among the Chaldean Christians of the Tiyari mountains. We cannot dwell upon his adventures here, curious and striking as they were; but, to show the perils of the way, and the laughing ease with which Mr. Layard makes light of them, we borrow an anecdote of one of his fellow-travellers in the mountains.

More than once we turned back in despair, before the slippery rocks and precipitous ascents. Ibrahim Agha, embarrassed by his capacious boots, which, made after the fashion of the Turks, could have contained the extremities of a whole family, was more beset with difficulties than all the party. When he attempted to ride a mule, unused to a pack-saddle, he invariably slid over the tail of the animal, and lay sprawling on the ground, to the great amusement of Yakoub Rais, with whom his adventures were a never-failing source of anecdote in the village assemblies. If he walked, either his boots became wedged into the crevices of the rocks, or filled with gravel, to his no small discomfort. At length, in attempting to cross a bed of loose stones, he lost all presence of mind, and remained fixed in the middle, fearful to advance or retreat. The rubbish yielded to his grasp, and he looked down into a black abyss, towards which he found himself gradually sinking with the avalanche he had put in

motion. There was certainly enough to frighten any Turk, and Ibrahim Agha clung to the face of the declivity—the picture of despair. “What’s the Kurd doing?” cried a Tiyari, with whom all Muslims were Kurds, and who was waiting to pass on; “is there anything here to turn a man’s face pale? This is dashta, dashta,” (a plain, a plain.) Ibrahim Agha, who guessed from the words Kurd and dashta, the meaning of which he had learnt, the purport of the Christian’s address, almost forgot his danger in his rage and indignation. “Gehannem with your dashta!” cried he, still clinging to the moving stones, “and dishonor upon your wife and mother. Oh! that I could only get one way or the other to show this Infidel what it is to laugh at the beard of an Osmanli, and to call him a Kurd in the bargain!” With the assistance of the mountaineers he was at length rescued from his perilous position, but not restored to good humor. By main force the mules were dragged over this and similar places; the Tiyari seizing them by the halter and tail, and throwing them on their sides.

Before the excavations were fully resumed, Mr. Layard had made three visits to the mountains, and obtained a high place in the confidence of the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, a remarkable set of mountaineers, whose customs and doctrines have never till now been detailed. On his return to Mosul he found letters announcing a grant of funds from the English government, given through the British Museum, for the continuation of his Nimroud researches. It was small and inadequate, but it was something. The French government had far exceeded this grant for Khorsabad alone, had sent out men of letters and draughtsmen, and had volunteered to purchase the whole village outright; but we manage such things differently in England. Mr. Layard’s remittances were scanty, and, unaccompanied by other help, forced him to bring his labors to a premature close; but while his means lasted, he worked on with the noblest results. He organized a band of workmen, established them as a little colony around him, and, with a precaution taught him by his residence in the East, scattered among them a few Arabs of a hostile tribe. Thus he knew at once when plots were brewing, or attempts were in progress to appropriate the relics; and in return for control of this kind, salutary and severe, he made himself respected throughout his tents as a perfect image and embodiment of justice.

The principal public quarrels, over which my jurisdiction extended, related to property abstracted, by the Arabs, from one another’s tents. These I disposed of in a summary manner, as I had provided myself with handcuffs; and Ibrahim Agha and the bairakdar were always ready to act with energy and decision, to show how much they were devoted to my service.* But the domestic dissensions were of a more serious nature, and their adjustment offered far greater difficulties. They related, of course, always to the women. As soon as the workmen saved a few piasters, their thoughts were turned to the purchase of a new wife, a striped cloak, and a spear. To accomplish this, their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost extent. The old wife naturally enough raised objections, and picked a quarrel with the intended bride, which generally ended in an ap-

peal to physical force. Then the fathers and brothers were dragged into the affair; from them it extended to the various branches of the tribe, always anxious to fight for their own honor, and for the honor of their women. At other times, a man repented himself of his bargain, and refused to fulfil it; or a father, finding his future son-in-law increasing in wealth, demanded a higher price for his daughter—a breach of faith which would naturally lead to violent measures on the part of the disappointed lover. Then a workman, who had returned hungry from his work, and found his bread unbaked, or the water-skin still lying empty at the entrance of his tent, or the bundle of fagots for his evening fire yet ungathered, would, in a moment of passion, pronounce three times the awful sentence, and divorce his wife; or, avoiding such extremities, would content himself with inflicting summary punishment with a tent pole. In the first case he probably repented himself of his act an hour or two afterwards, and wished to be remarried; or to prove that, being an ignorant man, he had mispronounced the formula, or omitted some words—both being good grounds to invalidate the divorce, and to obviate the necessity of any fresh ceremonies. But the mullah had to be summoned, witnesses called, and evidence produced. The beating was almost always the most expeditious, and really, to the wife, the most satisfactory way of adjusting the quarrel. I had almost nightly to settle such questions as these. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who had obtained an immense influence over the Arabs, and was known amongst all the tribes, was directed to ascertain the merits of the story, and to collect the evidence. When this process had been completed, I summoned the elders, and gave judgment in their presence. The culprit was punished summarily, or, in case of a disputed bargain, was made to pay more, or to refund, as the case required.

It is singular, considering the number of cases thus brought before me, that only on one occasion did either of the parties refuse to abide by my decision. I was sitting one evening in my tent, when a pretty Arab girl rushed into my presence, and throwing herself at my feet, uttered the most dismal lamentations. An old Arab woman, her mother, entered soon after, and a man endeavored to force his way in, but was restrained by the brawny arms of the bairakdar. It was some time before I could learn from either the girl or her mother, who were both equally agitated, the cause of their distress. The father, who was dead, had, during his lifetime, agreed to marry his daughter to the man who had followed them to my tent; and the price, fixed at two sheep, a donkey, and a few measures of wheat, had been partly paid. The Arab, who was a stranger, and did not belong to any of the branches of the Jebour from which I had chosen my workmen, had now come to claim his bride; but the girl had conceived a violent hatred for him, and absolutely refused to marry. The mother, who was poor, did not know how to meet the difficulty; for the donkey had already been received, and had died doing his work. She was therefore inclined to give up her daughter, and was about to resign her into the hands of her husband, when the girl fled from their tent, and took refuge with me. Having satisfied myself that the man was of a bad character, and known as a professed thief in a small way, (as discreditable a profession as that of a robber on a large scale is honorable,) and the girl declaring that she would throw herself into the river rather than marry him, I ordered the

mother to give back a donkey, with two sheep by way of interest for the deceased animal, and furnished her privately with the means of doing so. They were tendered to the complainant; but he refused to accept them, although the tribe approved of the decision. As the girl appeared to fear the consequences of the steps she had taken, I yielded to her solicitations, and allowed her to remain under my roof. In the night the man went to the tent of the mother, and stabbed her to the heart. He then fled into the desert. I succeeded after some time in catching him, and he was handed over to the authorities at Mosul; but, during the confusion which ensued on the death of Tahyar Pasha, he escaped from prison, and I heard no more of him. The Arabs, on account of this tragical business, were prejudiced against the girl, and there was little chance of her being again betrothed. I married her, therefore, to an inhabitant of Mosul.

Great were his discoveries meanwhile. He had already sent one raft loaded with bas-reliefs down the Tigris, and had prepared spars and skins, mats, felts, and ropes, for the construction of a second, when the tribe of a thievish Arab chief in the neighborhood seized and made off with these important materials. We must show the reader Mr. Layard's proceeding hereupon. First he discovered the robbers, and then—

Having ascertained the position of their tents, I started off one morning at dawn, accompanied by Ibrahim Agha, the bairakdar, and another irregular horseman, who was in my service. We reached the encampment after a long ride, and found the number of the Arabs to be greater than I expected. The arrival of strangers drew together a crowd, which gathered round the tent of the sheikh, where I seated myself. A slight bustle was apparent in the women's department. I soon perceived that attempts were being made to hide various ropes and felts, the ends of which, protruding from under the canvass, I had little difficulty in recognizing. "Peace be with you!" said I, addressing the sheikh, who showed by his countenance that he was not altogether ignorant of the object of my visit. "Your health and spirits are, please God, good. We have long been friends, although it has never yet been my good fortune to see you. I know the laws of friendship; that which is my property is your property, and the contrary. But there are a few things, such as mats, felts, and ropes, which come from afar, and are very necessary to me, whilst they can be of little use to you; otherwise God forbid that I should ask for them. You will greatly oblige me by giving these things to me." "As I am your sacrifice, O Bey," answered he, "no such things as mats, felts, or ropes, were ever in my tents (I observed a new rope supporting the principal pole.) Search, and if such things be found, we give them to you willingly." "Wallah, the sheikh has spoken the truth," exclaimed all the bystanders. "That is exactly what I want to ascertain; and, as this is a matter of doubt, the pasha must decide between us," replied I, making a sign to the bairakdar, who had been duly instructed how to act. In a moment he had handcuffed the sheikh; and, jumping on his horse, dragged the Arab, at an uncomfortable pace, out of the encampment. "Now my sons," said I, mounting leisurely, "I have found a

part of that which I wanted; you must search for the rest." They looked at one another in amazement. One man, more bold than the rest, was about to seize the bridle of my horse; but the weight of Ibrahim Agha's coubatch across his back, drew his attention to another object. Although the Arabs were well armed, they were too much surprised to make any attempt at resistance; or perhaps they feared too much for their sheikh, still jolting away at an uneasy pace in the iron grasp of the bairakdar, who had put his horse to a brisk trot, and held his pistol cocked in one hand. The women, swarming out of the tents, now took part in the matter. Gathering round my horse, they kissed the tails of my coat and my shoes, making the most dolorous supplications. I was not to be moved, however; and extricating myself with difficulty from the crowd, I rejoined the bairakdar, who was hurrying on his prisoner with evident good will.

The sheikh had already made himself well known to the authorities by his dealings with the villages, and there was scarcely a man in the country who could not bring forward a specious claim against him—either for a donkey, a horse, a sheep, or a copper kettle. He was consequently most averse to an interview with the pasha, and looked with evident horror on the prospect of a journey to Mosul. I added considerably to his alarm, by dropping a few friendly hints on the advantage of the dreary subterranean lock-up house under the governor's palace, and of the pillory and sticks. By the time he reached Nimroud, he was fully alive to his fate, and deemed it prudent to make a full confession. He sent an Arab to his tents; and next morning an ass appeared in the court-yard bearing the missing property, with the addition of a lamb, and a kid by way of a conciliatory offering. I dismissed the sheikh with a lecture, and had afterwards no reason to complain of him or of his tribe—nor indeed of any tribes in the neighborhood; for the story got abroad, and was invested with several horrible facts in addition, which could only be traced to the imagination of the Arabs, but which served to produce the effect I desired—a proper respect for my property.

An English traveller, unconnected with Mr. Layard, now passed through Nimroud, saw the excavations, and wrote of them as they appeared at this time. He descended to the disburied palace in the evening, and passed through a labyrinth of halls, chambers, and galleries, with bas-reliefs, painted flowers, and inscriptions covering the walls. He saw these walls crowded with gorgeous phantoms of the past, depicted still in the oriental pomp of their richly-embroidered robes, still at their audiences, battles, sieges, and lion-hunts, as when they were mighty hunters, warriors, and statesmen before the Lord. He saw the portly forms of kings and viziers, so life-like, and carved in such fine relief, that he could almost imagine them stepping from the walls to question the rash intruder on their privacy. Mingled with them also were other monstrous shapes, the Assyrian deities of old, with human bodies, long drooping wings, and the heads and beaks of eagles; and he saw, still faithfully guarding the portals of halls deserted and empty for more than three thousand years, the colossal forms of winged lions and bulls, with gigantic human faces. "All these figures," he exclaimed,

"the idols of a religion long since dead and buried like themselves, seemed actually in the twilight to be raising their desecrated heads from the sleep of centuries."

Other things he saw, too; the living and human remains of that eastern world, not less worthy of seeing and recording:

I was riding home from the ruins one evening with Mr. Longworth. The Arabs, returning from their day's work, were following a flock of sheep belonging to the people of the village, shouting their war-cry, flourishing their swords, and indulging in the most extravagant gesticulations. My friend, less acquainted with the excitable temperament of the children of the desert than myself, was somewhat amazed at these violent proceedings, and desired to learn their cause. I asked one of the most active of the party. "O Bey," they exclaimed almost all together, "God be praised, we have eaten butter and wheat bread under your shadow and are content—but an Arab is an Arab. It is not for a man to carry about dirt in baskets, and to use a spade all his life; he should be with his sword and his mare in the desert. We are sad as we think of the days when we plundered the Anayza, and we must have excitement, or our hearts would break. Let us then believe that these are the sheep we have taken for the enemy, and that we are driving them to our tents!" And off they ran, raising their wild cry and flourishing their swords, to the no small alarm of the shepherd, who saw his sheep scampering in all directions, and did not seem inclined to enter into the joke.

Very reluctantly we must close here. In another article we will relate the sequel.

From the Spectator.

DR. DAY ON THE DISEASES OF ADVANCED LIFE.*

THE manifold inconveniences of age have furnished a fruitful theme for the moralists and satirists of all times. "Multa senem circumveniant incommoda," said Horace, when his object was merely to expound the characteristics of the different periods of life. Juvenal, when it was his cue to paint man and his pursuits in the darkest colors, described old age as something peculiarly wretched; youth has differences, and might offer a choice, but old age is one in its appearance and its great and infinite evils. The all-weighting Shakspeare himself could not avoid admitting its drawbacks—

When thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant.

Yet, in spite of poets and philosophers, the old wish to live on, or at least to escape being killed when their object is to be cured; and killed they are very apt to be by an "active" practitioner. The treatment, which the young might bear in addition to the disease, is likely to be fatal in declining life. The lost blood, that the youthful or the middle-

aged might replace, cannot be restored in the old; the other remedies of the active school, that only reduce the mature, pull down the old never to rise again. There are peculiarities, too, connected with declining life, that require consideration, even when the practitioner is not likely to pass beyond moderate measures. "For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;" and when the best part of half a century has been regularly passed in bad habits, it becomes a nice question to what extent an attempt should be made to change them, or whether the attempt should be made at all.

Regular habits of life are essential to the well-being of old people. I will even go so far as to assert, that in many cases it is dangerous to attempt to correct habits which have an acknowledged pernicious effect. The constitution can no longer adapt itself to a change of circumstances. I have witnessed several cases in which persons at about the age of sixty have become teetotallers, after having drunk freely for a period of perhaps thirty or forty years. Few of those men have survived to enjoy the moral benefits of the change for more than two or three years. The same is the case with opium-eating.

Although the general management of old age and the treatment of its particular diseases are so critical, few books have been published upon the subject. The only systematic work that has appeared within the last half century is Canstatt's; though many essays on individual points connected with the hygiene and diseases of advanced life lie scattered among the French and German periodicals. It is from these sources, well digested, and enlarged and tested by his own observation, that Dr. Day has composed his treatise.

The want that I personally experienced of a standard work on this subject, led me, from the period I entered on the active duties of my profession, to note down for my own guidance all the facts and observations bearing on the diseases of advanced life and their treatment which my official connection with large charitable institutions daily presented to me. I have likewise been in the habit of recording references to all the works, journals, &c., which in the ordinary course of reading I have found to contain any information on these points. The matter that has been thus gradually accumulating from my own experience, and from the records of other laborers in the same field, is now presented to the world in a very condensed form; but, in order to enable others to pursue with greater facility the same subject, or individual departments of it, I have appended to these remarks the bibliography which I have constructed. My great object has been to render this volume an essentially practical work; and with this view, I have intentionally omitted any notice of the appearances presented after death from the diseases which I have described in the following pages.

The volume consists of two main topics. The first treats of the leading characteristics of declining life; beginning from about forty in women and fifty in men, till decrepitude or second infancy is reached, after passing through these three stages—

1. Declining age; extending in women to about

*A Practical Treatise on the Domestic Management and most Important Diseases of Advanced Life. By George G. Day, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. Published by Boone.

the fifty-second year, and in men to about the sixtieth.

2. Advanced age, or incipient old age; extending in women from fifty-three to about sixty-five, and in men from sixty to seventy.

3. Mature or ripe old age; dating from the preceding period, and extending to about seventy-five in the female, and eighty in the male.

The exposition of the physical peculiarities of these periods, to which the practitioner should have a regard, is followed by general rules for diet, regimen, and conduct, "wherein the patient must minister to himself." The second part of the book discusses the characters and medical management of those diseases to which age is more peculiarly liable, or which, when they attack the old, require modifications of treatment. The former are principally the climacteric disease, marasmus, and skin affections. The latter class are numerous; embracing disorders of the respiratory, nervous, and digestive systems, as well as of some other functions particularly affected in advancing years.

The composition of the work is, as Mr. Day states, condensed, and more perhaps in topics than in style; the views are generally directive or suggestive, rather than instructive; the class of persons for whom Dr. Day writes not requiring details, and the minutæ of medical treatment, when that is in question, being generally left to the practitioner. The matter, however, has been well mastered and digested; presenting the pith of the subjects in a clear and easy way. The style is entitled to praise, the diction close, the manner free, and there is the just appreciation of things which marks the sensible practitioner and man of the world. In short, Dr. Day's treatise on the Medical Management of Old Age is well adapted to alleviate what cannot be cured.

The Standard Lyrical Drama: a Collection of the best Operas of the most eminent Composers. Vols. II. and III.

WE gave some account of this serial publication on the completion of the first volume, which consisted of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The second volume contains *Norma*; and the third, which has just appeared, contains *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. We may remind our readers that the work, which is published in monthly numbers, has been undertaken with the object of forming a library of the musical drama, by furnishing a series of editions of the most celebrated works of the foreign schools, not only more complete and correct than any that have yet appeared in this country, but adapted to the use of the English public by means of a vernacular version of the original text.

Respecting the principle of the selection, we find the following explanation in the newly-published preface to the third volume.

"There is no doubt in the long run of the demand for the classical productions outstripping that for those works which cannot pretend to so high a rank in the art musical; but still this preference on the part of the public will not deter the projectors from introducing from time to time those operas which have received the decided stamp of universal

popularity, and which, though they may not fulfil all the conditions of the highest order of art, may still be deemed worthy of a place side by side with the brighter specimens of which it is intended that this series shall principally consist. *Figaro*, *Norma*, and *Il Barbiere*, have now appeared; the first and last of which compositions may indisputably be cited as classical; as to the intermediate drama, though it fall in merit below its fellows, still, dramatically speaking, it is of such excellence that its apparent musical feebleness does not stand in the way of its taking an early position amongst the works of this series; always considering that the stage and its interests, as well as the musician's closet, are equally looked to by the management of our now rapidly-succeeding periodical."

We acquiesce in this view; because we are satisfied, from the evident and strong classical predilections of the editors, that they are not likely to make undue concessions to merely popular taste. *Norma*, and *La Sonnambula*, announced as the next opera in the series, are certainly worthy of being included in a collection like the present. They are the two masterpieces of a musician whose genius was prevented by an untimely death from ripening, as it probably would have done, into very high excellence; and immature and comparatively weak as they are in some respects, their beauties have been sufficient to gain the favor of the most refined portion of the public in every country in Europe, and will probably secure to them a considerable share of longevity. Among the multitudinous works of Donizetti, too, there are a few which will not speedily die, and which we should be sorry to see excluded from a collection of the standard lyrical drama by a spirit of classical puritanism.

The execution of this work, we think, has improved since the publication of the first volume; in one important particular, indeed, the improvement is decided. The task of adapting an English version of a foreign libretto to the original music is at all times a difficult one, and Mr. Mould has increased the difficulty by imposing on himself an unusual restriction. It is the custom, in adapting English words to foreign music, to use a good deal of freedom with the original notes—to multiply syllables, and consequently to split one note into two or more of shorter duration, or, *vice versa*, to slur together several notes, each of which in the original is articulated to a separate syllable. These liberties are injurious to the melody and expression of the music; and besides, when the two versions are printed together, the musical notation, adapted to both, is rendered confused and embarrassing. Mr. Mould has avoided both these evils, by making his version *totidem syllabis* with the original; and the advantages of his plan counterbalance the occasional awkwardness of phraseology, and even the deviations from the sense of the original which it renders unavoidable. But Mr. Mould is gaining skill by practice; and his versions of all the operas before us are on the whole much superior, in spirit and idiomatic freedom of expression, to any others that have appeared. The recitatives go trippingly on the tongue, and the melodies lose very little of their Italian flow and smoothness.

The more strictly musical branch of the editorial duty—including the pianoforte arrangement of the orchestral score, the interpretation of the accompaniments to the recitatives from the figured bass, (an entirely new figure of the work,) and the purity of the composer's text—is executed by Mr. Rock-

stro with great ability and success. For the first time in this country, the whole opera—every word of the drama with every note of the music—is given; and great pains have been taken, by consulting the most authentic editions of the original scores, to render the publication as complete as possible. This is especially remarkable in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which contains several things not to be found in the ordinary editions. We have, in particular, the beautiful canzonetta, so full of Spanish character, sung by the count under Rosina's window, and introduced for the first time in this country by Gardoni at Her Majesty's Theatre. We learn also a curious circumstance, of which we were formerly unaware, that the brilliant finale of the *Cenerentola*, "Non più mesta," originally belonged to the part of Count Almaviva, but was afterwards employed to give effect to the conclusion of a weak opera—Rossini thus robbing one of his rich children to help a poor one.

The literary portion of this work is informing and interesting; but we would advise Mr Mould to resist a common propensity of young authors—fine writing. If, for example, he had shown any experienced critical friend his high-flown exordium to the memoir of Bellini, his friend would have done him good service by drawing his pen through the whole of it. The same fault is committed in the versions of the libretti; tropes and figures being introduced where the original phrases are quite plain and familiar.—*Spectator*.

The Bible Psalms, according to the Authorized Version; set forth to appropriate Tunes or Chants, Ancient and Modern, and Divided and Arranged after a plain and easy Method, for general use in Public or Private Worship. By H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

THIS elaborate work, together with the excellent publications of Dr. Rimbault and other eminent musicians devoted to the same object, is a proof of the growing desire on the part of the public for an improvement of the musical services of religion, and of the increasing demand for the means of obtaining that improvement. The love that has long prevailed for metrical psalmody has given birth to innumerable collections of that species of music; but it is only of late that anything like general attention has been directed to ecclesiastical chanting, or the musical recitation of the Scriptural psalms and hymns in the words of the Bible itself, without the intervention of a metrical paraphrase or version. Hitherto its use has been confined almost exclusively to the choirs of cathedrals, whose slovenly and irreverent performance generally destroys its beauty and solemnity; and congregations, valuing it little, give themselves no trouble to learn how to join in it. But the opinion gains ground that the chanting of the Bible psalms would conduce greatly to the solemnity of religious worship, whether congregational or private; an opinion in which we concur, though we would by no means supersede the occasional use of metrical psalmody. The ecclesiastical chant, a remnant of the *canto fermo* or Gregorian chant of the early ages of the church, is a species of melody simpler even than the psalm-tune, and is so constructed that there are certain notes which can be prolonged indefinitely, and to which any number of syllables may be joined. The rules for the adaptation of the words to the notes are easily learned by any one who has the rudiments of music; and the general body of a congre-

gation, with moderate attention and practice, may soon acquire the art of chanting with distinctness and harmony. The chants, simple as they are, have great variety of character and expression; but in our cathedral service this important consideration is wholly overlooked. The Book of Psalms is cut into such a number of lengths that they are all gone through in the course of a month. One of these lengths consists of several psalms, often entirely different in expression; yet they are all sung to one chant. "The modern practice," Dr. Gauntlett justly says, "of singing five or six psalms to an unvarying chant, is one which forbids a right musical expression of these ancient hymns, and has given rise to that hurried and formal exhibition sometimes witnessed in our public places of worship." In the collection before us, every separate psalm has a chant, and sometimes two, suited to the spirit and expression of the poetry.

Dr. Gauntlett's publication consists of the whole Psalter, properly punctuated for chanting, with, as we have said, one or more chants for each psalm. There are four volumes, similar in every respect except in the parts of the harmony; one volume containing the treble, and the others the alto, tenor, and bass; and there is a fifth volume, containing the music only, with the harmony in score so as to be played on the organ. It is not necessary, nor does it seem to be intended, that all these volumes should be purchased together; it being sufficient for each member of a congregation to possess the part suited to the individual voice; and thus the work, considering its extent, is really a very cheap one. There is besides a small and exceedingly cheap selection of psalms with their chants, of which the melody only is given.

This is not only by far the largest collection of chants that we have ever seen, but has been made with great care and judgment. The utmost attention has evidently been paid to facility, by keeping all the parts, both in regard to pitch and compass, within the reach of the most ordinary voices; and the harmonies have all the simplicity and gravity which this species of music demands. The principles and practice of chanting are clearly explained; and the work contains everything requisite for a complete manual of this branch of devotional music.—*Spectator*.

From the London Times of Jan. 11.

THE TIMES ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

IN this hour of questionable glory and substantial success, the great plague spot and curse of the American republic presses into the foreground and will not be concealed. Slavery, like an evil genius, obtrudes itself on the triumph, and claims a place in the grand spectacle of the national powers. The most sanguine anticipations of the men who signed the declaration of independence have been surpassed this day, when within the compass of one lengthened human life their successors find themselves summoned to give laws and institutions to a newly-conquered territory half the size of Europe, and stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean. Nothing is wanting to complete the grandeur of the crisis. Nature pours all her treasures into the lap of Freedom, whatever can satisfy the simplest wants, or aid the most towering ambition.

While the Old World seems almost breaking up, and while monarchies are falling into dotage and

decay, we must look to the New World for that freshness and vigor which once distinguished Europe above the rest of the globe. But as festivities have been marred by the intrusion of a most unwelcome guest, and unexpected disclosures have often turned triumph into shame and confusion, so, at this moment, *Slavery* proclaims its hated presence in the halls of the capitol, and presses its fearful dilemmas on the reluctant attention of the legislature. "Stretch out your hands," it seems to say; "grasp your huge spoil; measure the shores of the Pacific with your rod, and stretch your lines across the whole continent; proclaim yourselves lord paramount of America from the equator northward to the pole; but before you do this, you shall pronounce upon my claims, and declare to all the earth whether you will spread the institutions of slavery or not."

At the date of the last intelligence congress was occupied in this important discussion with an earnestness which promises the most decided and speedy results. An urgent memorial from New Mexico and California had excited the hopes of the northern representatives, and the furious indignation of the southern. A graver event followed close upon this. The committee on the organization of the newly-acquired territory reported a bill excluding slavery from California. The result of this and some similar decisions is, that the house of representatives now stands committed to what is called the Wilmot proviso. Of 187 members who voted on the question, 107 were for the proviso, and 80 against it—a proportion which leaves no doubt as to the ultimate result. The senate, it was expected, might strike out the obnoxious clause; but this would only leave everything in suspense, and hand over the organization of the new states to the next meeting of congress and the new president.

Another decision of the house of representatives appears to have been even more grave and offensive to the slave-holding states. Washington, the capital of the union, and the spot where these discussions are held, in order to seclude it from the interest and factions of any one state, stands in a small quadrilateral territory cut out of Maryland and Virginia, called the District of Columbia. This *sanctum sanctorum* of the federal union still harbors the slave-dealer. Washington is the metropolis of slavery. The president, the senators, and representatives meet in a den of oppression, within the sound of the lash, and the cry of the helpless victim. Man is a chattel on the very spot which calls itself the centre of freedom. The fact is keenly felt in the union, and a resolution has been carried by a majority of 98 to 87 votes, aiming at the suppression of this scandal.

Such a resolution commits not only the party, but the house of representatives, beyond the power of retreat. It is difficult to conceive a stronger act of protest and defiance. They who take their stand on the federal character of the constitution and the independence of the states, except for certain definite objects of union, are highly indignant at what they consider an attempt to dictate the internal economy of the states. The house of representa-

tives has now doubly censured slavery. It has taken Washington as the type of the whole union, and pronounced a condemnation on the part for the whole, the head for the members.

We will not ourselves undertake to say that this is not in some sort an infringement of that federal compact which makes Washington merely a convenient locality for legislative meetings, which does not otherwise admit the idea of a metropolis, and which leaves to every state the care of its own religion and morality. But the rigor of political systems must sometimes bow to necessity and common sense. The union is no longer a cluster of independent states; it is now an empire dominating over a continent, and giving laws to a world. It stands in the midst of unpeopled or half-peopled regions, of vast and sudden accumulations of men, of conflicting ideas, and wild disorder. It cannot refuse the mission which is pressed upon it. It has no alternative but to declare a moral preference when its voice is expected and its sanction desired. If a republic or a federal union wishes to remain in its primitive integrity, it must eschew conquest. Washington is no longer the Panionium of a few independent states; it is the metropolis of the greater part of North America, and claims a reversionary interest in the whole. It finds itself compelled to act up to that destiny, and to speak in a general and imperial capacity.

As might be expected, the southern representatives have taken high offence and no little alarm at these decided proceedings. Their first impulse was to defy the northern states, and threaten resistance to the decision of the federative government, as being against the spirit of the constitution. Milder or more cautious counsels have prevailed. It is now hoped, that after much angry discussion, the question may be indefinitely postponed; and, indeed, with the present known opinions of the senate against abolition, delay offers the best chance of success. As far as we can judge from the effect of popular decisions in the British house of commons, we should pronounce it impossible that this stigma shall long survive in the union.

Every year strikes another blow at slavery, and brings another adhesion to the cause of freedom. Last year we saw the French islands emancipated. This year—but we will not venture to predict, when the future is a continual surprise. It is evident, however, that in the union there is a decided majority of representatives, people, and states against this notorious blot on the escutcheon of republican liberty, and that all feel themselves concerned to wipe it out.

Such a feeling cannot but triumph over local interests and the letter of the constitution; unless we overrate the earnestness of the American character. For the present the slave-holding states will be respected; indeed, they are so wedded to slavery that a change would be hazardous; but before long they will give way to the public opinion of the sister states, and the universal judgment of the civilized world; nor do we think the union will be broken in the struggle.

From the Examiner, of 6th Jan.

THE APOPLEXY OF GOLD.

THE oldest and most extensive empire in the world is that of Gold, and in this age of subversions even that empire is threatened with overthrow, and the danger proceeds from a republican region. The philosopher's stone may now be advertised cheap, or future alchemists may propose the transmutation of gold into a more precious metal. A spade in California is now worth its weight in gold; a blanket is almost as dear as so much gold lace; a frieze jacket is worth cloth of gold. Imagine this depreciation extending to Europe with the arrival of ships from Francisco, ballasted with gold, and the sovereign brought to the level of a dump. Fancy gold so fallen in the world as to play the part now performed by lead or pewter, serving for workhouse platters, for common coal-scuttles, for porter pots, for pipes, and cisterns. Fancy copper rising above it, and gold sheathing the bottoms of ships instead of the more precious metal. What a reverse of fortune would this be! And what a change, too, would be wrought in our language, and how many fine thoughts that have lived in honor for centuries would be reduced to dross. *The auri sacra fames* will come to sound as absurd as now to speak of the passion for pewter, and the golden mean will signify literally something passing mean. Golden prospects and golden dreams will sound dumptly as leaden prospects and leaden dreams. The sun itself will lose his complexion of honor as golden, and it will seem that nature might have made him of something richer than the common yellow ware. As for the golden age, it will convey ideas of penury the most abject.

"Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," says the adage, and so it may be with poor gold, brought to poverty by abundance. Imagine this potentate who has swayed the world from the first dawn of civilization, begging his bread, unsought, spurned, condemned to the most menial offices.

The old song was as prophetic as the seer who last century predicted the downfall of the French monarchy and the Pope, in the past year,

The wealthy fool with gold in store;

for what fools will they appear who have gold in store when it comes down to a few pence the pound, and when bullion is discharged by gold-whippers from the holds of ships as coals are now.

Alas! what a change of fortune for the golden calf; a proper calf indeed it will look when not worth its weight in veal!

It is clear that the divinity of gold, like that of the lama, depends altogether upon his shrouding himself. The moment he is found out, the sources of his being discovered, and full measure of his abundance taken, there is an end of his worship. In this, as in other instances, familiarity breeds contempt. The more that is had of him the less is made of him; and the moment his measure is taken, not in ingots, but in degrees of latitude and

longitude, his decline and fall are fixed. California, as the French phrase it, is coming to market in block; men are putting the valley of the Sacramento into their pockets; one vagabond picks up a plum before breakfast, another fills a worsted stocking with gold dust, realizing the story of the golden leg. But these Dead Sea fruits have not the faculty of keeping, and as they pour into the market they must turn to ashes by process of depreciation.

It is curious enough, now that every foot of land in the neighborhood of Francisco has its enormous temporary value, to turn to Commodore Wilkes' account of the country before its cession.

Commodore Wilkes had the command of an exploring expedition of the United States, in '38-'42, a duty which he performed with admirable ability, being a man of very superior qualifications. He describes Francisco as the most spacious and best harbor in the world, but all the rest was poverty and barrenness. The town Yerba Buena consisted of a frame building belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, a store kept by an American, a billiard table, the poop of a ship occupied as a dwelling-house, a blacksmith's shop, and some out-buildings. This fine town is surrounded by a sterile soil and bare rocks. Such is one of the principal stations of the El Dorado. The blacksmith's shop must by this time be changed into a Storr and Mortimer's.

There is every diversity, it seems, of soil and climate in California, and the valleys of the Sacramento, the scene of the gold-finding, and the San Juan, are mentioned as the richest in fertility, by Commodore Wilkes, who little dreamt at the time that their clods were gold.

The climate has this peculiarity, that the summer is colder than the winter.

Even before the discovery of the gold every necessary of life was enormously dear in the country, trade conducted chiefly by barter, and civilization in a low state, the upper classes idle and dissipated, the Indians inordinately addicted to gambling, which they may now indulge in for stakes of golden pools instead of bits of rubbish.

From the London Times, of Jan. 12.

CALIFORNIA FEVER IN ENGLAND.

A GLANCE at the Times advertisements will show that the public appetite for California is likely to be promptly met. The burden of the various vessels announced as ready for immediate departure amounts, even in to-day's impression, to about 5000 tons, distributed in ships ranging from 190 to 700 tons, to say nothing of the West India mail steamer, which leaves on the 17th, carrying goods and passengers to Chagres, or of a "short and pleasant passage" advertised to Galveston, in Texas, as a cheap route to the Pacific. The rates range from £25 upwards, to suit all classes. Thus far, however, we have only the arrangements for those who are able to move. The opportunities provided for those who wish to share the advantages of the new region without its

dangers, are still more ample. Indeed, so imposing are the plans for an extensive investment of capital for carrying on the trade in shares of £5 each, that it would seem as if the first effect of the affair would be to cause a scarcity of money rather than an abundance. About a million and a quarter sterling is already wanted, and the promoters stipulate for the power of doubling the proposed amounts as occasion may offer.

There is a "California Gold Coast Trading Association," a "California Gold Mining, Streaming, and Washing Company," a "California Steam Trading Company," a "Californian Gold and Trading Company," and a "California Gold Mining, &c., Trading Company." The last of these alone will require £600,000 for its objects, but as half the shares are "to be reserved for the United States of America," the drain upon our resources will be lessened to that extent. Some of the concerns propose to limit their operations to trading on the coast, sending out at the same time "collecting and exploring parties" whenever the prospect may be tempting. Others intend at once to get a grant from the legislature at Washington, of such lands "as they may deem necessary," while others intend to trust to chance, simply sending out a "practical" manager, accompanied by an adequate number of men "accustomed to the extraction of gold in all its forms."

Along with these advertisements are some of a modified nature, to suit parties who may neither wish to go out with a batch of emigrants, nor to stay at home and wait the results of a public company. One "well educated gentleman" seeks two others "to share expenses with him." Another wishes for a companion who would advance £200, "one half to leave his wife, and the other half for out-fit," a third tells where "any respectable individuals with small capital" may find persons willing to join them; a fourth states, that respectable persons having not less than £100 are wanted to complete a party; and a fifth, that "a seafaring man is ready to go equal shares in purchasing a schooner to sail on speculation." What number may be found to answer these appeals it is impossible to conjecture. Common sense would say not one; but experience of what has been practised in this country over and over again, reminds us that the active parties on the present occasion are not calculating too largely upon the credulity of their countrymen.

The advertisements in question will be paid by many hard-earned shillings and shillings eagerly lodged as the "preliminary deposit allowed by the act 7th and 8th Victoria," and a considerable surplus will still doubtless reward the enterprise of the promoters. In this respect, therefore, a word of warning is unfortunately needed. As regards emigration, parties may be left to take their chance, as also the shippers of assorted goods. That the country will be a pandemonium long before any one can reach it from this side, is hardly to be doubted, unless, indeed, the United States government shall have been able to establish a blockade

and cordon, in which case the new arrivals will have to get back as well as they can. But there is no question that the first comers stand the chance of large gain if they are able to fight for it; and there is little danger of starvation, since the district abounds in deer and rabbits, and grain will flow there in quantities from the Southern Republics; while as regards articles of manufacture, the Sandwich Islands, long overstocked, will be able to send supplies.

Those who go out, have therefore, at all events, some compensating prospect for their risk, but for those at home who may be deluded into parting with their money, not a shadow of its return can exist. This would be the case under any circumstances, since the idea of a London board being able to insure that the practical head gentlemen of their expeditions, and the bodies of laborers accustomed to the extraction of gold in all its forms, shall toil for them, and not for themselves, when the United States government, even by the severest discipline, can scarcely command the services of a single individual on the station, is too preposterous to be reasoned about. When, however, we observe that, except in one case, where the list contains a captain with the simple address "California," and a merchant of "New York," who is unfortunately not to be found in the New York Directory, no names are given of the sanguine directors who hold out the present baits, it seems almost beyond patience that the blind impulse of greed should be so overwhelming as to impose even for a moment the duty of expostulation.

ITALY AND GERMANY.

It is now vain to hope, even by those who think it a fit subject for hope, that the tide of revolution which overflowed Europe during the greater part of last year, can be kept from ebbing, and from leaving once more, erect and uncovered, the feudal and monarchical edifices which it for the time overwhelmed. The armies of Austria are advancing upon Pesth; and that some army or another will march to the foot of the capitol and the banks of the Arno, is inevitable. The Italians seem really bent on making democracy ridiculous; and the conduct of the people and authorities (?) of Genoa and Turin are fitter for the records of a lunatic asylum than for those of history.

The congress, therefore, which has been appointed to sit at Brussels for the arrangement of the affairs of Italy, must have altogether a different object from that at first assigned it. It can no longer be a mediation between Austria and Sardinia, for the King of Sardinia must apparently fling himself into the arms of Austria to save him from his own mob. The object of the Congress must be, to try what can be saved of Italian freedom and independence from that terrible reaction for which the folly of the popular party has opened the way. What the Italians want is to be put to school: not into that of despotism, Austrian or Papal, but into an elementary school of repre-

sentative government and municipal institutions. If a congress could secure this, and care for their political education, without making any change in parties or in sovereigns, it would be much. The Italian people have repeatedly shown that they can neither govern themselves, nor shake off Austria, nor do anything but hiss and broil. Their course has been *della padella nella brage*, out of the frying-pan into the fire, and back again. And their deeds have hurt the cause of freedom and democracy more than all the French revolutions of a century. The stoutest of our ultra-liberals would gladly draw a veil over Italy. Still there are numerous excuses to be made for them. And as France and England, as well as Austria and other countries, all have a voice in the final arrangement of Italian affairs, it is to be hoped that a congress may do something; that in restoring the sovereigns to their rights, and leaving them on their old territories, they may still establish, as a universal condition, the grant of such representative government and popular institutions as may content, and allow the development of, a people aspiring for constitutional freedom.

Italy, indeed, depends upon the joint action of France and Germany, neither of which is powerful enough to exclude the action of the other. All will be controlled by the fate of Germany, in the midst of the clouds and confusion covering which some results are plain. Of these the plainest seems to be, that Austria must relapse to a military despotism, and that Prussia will inevitably assume the shape of a constitutional monarchy. But how far Prussian influence will extend is the doubt. Will it stop short at Erfurt and Coblenz, the most southern bulwarks of the Prussian kingdom? or will it extend to the foot of the Alps, and the monarch of Prussia become the head of a new German confederation?

This is the struggle now taking place at Frankfurt, and which to all appearance will be decided in favor of Prussia, from the keen perseverance which her partisans show, whilst those of Austria are dull, passive, and *nonchalants*. But let the present struggle turn out as it will, Prussia must be at the head of the liberal movement in Germany, moderating that movement to a rational pace, whilst Austria must as infallibly head the retrograde one.

This course for the two countries seems marked out by fate and necessity. And it is equally inevitable that in the struggle which we trust will not be, at least for a long time, a warlike one, Prussia will have the support of France, and Austria be upheld by the backing of Russia. Events and policies may, indeed, seem for a time to run counter to this natural current; but such, nevertheless, appears to us the course of the stream, which finally must have its way in despite of momentary obstacles.

It is to be regretted that, in this marshalling of hostile influences, Italy should be most remote from the Prussian connection, whilst its best provinces are in the hands of Austria. If Italy, how-

ever, cannot stretch the hand to Prussia, it touches sides with France; and such are the sympathies and connexity of ideas between the two people, that an Austrian despotism in Italy, and a French republic or popular monarchy on the other side of the Alps, can scarcely exist simultaneously.—*Examiner*, 6th Jan.

THE LATE DAVID HALE.

[Our readers will have seen the importance we have attributed to the New York Journal of Commerce, whose editorial articles have frequently been copied into our pages. They have been distinguished by their independence and their sagacious good sense.

We copy from that paper a notice of one of the late editors, whose death we consider a loss to the people of the United States. Indeed, the influence of so able a man in his position will in its effects reach beyond his own country.]

MR. HALE was born at Lisbon, Conn., on the 25th of April, 1791, and died on the 20th of January, 1849, in the 58th year of his age. His father was a clergyman and teacher of youth.

When David was eleven years old, the family removed from Lisbon to South Coventry, Conn.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, he went to Boston in search of employment, and engaged as clerk in a jobbing house in State street. After various changes and disappointments, which it is not necessary to mention, he went into business on his own account. In the mean time he had experienced religion under the preaching of Rev. Dr. Griffin, and united with Park street church.

The writer first became acquainted with him in 1823. He was then an active member of Essex street church, having been designated, with others from Park street and the Old South, (the only Orthodox Congregational churches of any magnitude then existing in Boston,) to form a nucleus for the new enterprise. There was plenty of work to be done—for the whole current of popular influence was against them. A congregation was to be collected; Sabbath schools were to be gathered and instructed; religious meetings were to be held, in the conference room and in private houses; and a multitude of benevolent enterprises, yet in their infancy, presented strong claims for aid. In all these things Mr. Hale was among the most prominent and active members. He was then 32 years of age. The writer once asked him how long he intended to be a teacher in the Sabbath school; his reply was, that he "had enlisted during the war." It was a pithy remark, and has since been verified by twenty-five years' experience. Amidst the various distractions of business, during this long period, he always found time to devote to his Master's service. If he had money, *that* was freely laid on the same altar. He has often remarked to the writer, that the most he wanted money for, was to *give it away*. His practice has corresponded with his preaching. He *has* given away nearly all his available earnings; nay, has often anticipated them, for the promotion of benevolent objects. When he was a merchant, in moderate

business, and with but little capital, he gave only hundreds; but when, in later years, his income was thousands, he gave thousands, and in the aggregate, tens of thousands. His connection with the *Journal of Commerce* was doubly agreeable to him, because it gave him a two-fold power of doing good; first, by the moral, social, and political influence of the paper itself, and secondly by the pecuniary emolument which it yielded.

The circumstances which brought himself and the writer into connection with each other, as joint editors and proprietors of this paper, are a little remarkable. As I said before, (if for convenience sake the reader will allow me to use the first person singular,) I became acquainted with him in Boston in 1823. He was then in prosperous business as a merchant; I was a stranger, comparatively very young, without pecuniary resources, yet resolved, if a few hundred dollars could be loaned me, to establish a weekly paper there, for which there appeared to be an opening. Scarcely had I made known my object, plan and wants, when the money was handed me by *David Hale*, who had collected it from a few friends, himself included, with the condition that I should "return it when convenient." In a little more than a year I did return it, with interest.

Before 1827, a change had come over us both—Mr. Hale had yielded to the storm of 1825. I had removed to New York, and become editor and half-proprietor of the *New York Observer*. When Arthur Tappan—then a prince in liberality, and now more than a prince in benevolent aspirations, though his means are less—determined to establish the *Journal of Commerce*, I lost no time in recommending Mr. Hale for the commercial and business department, and had the satisfaction to see the recommendation carried into effect. At the very commencement of the paper, Sept. 1, 1827, Mr. Hale was on hand, and entered upon his duties. But neither he nor I foresaw the difficulties he would have to contend with, nor the embarrassments, of various kinds, which would impede the success of the enterprise. Mr. Tappan himself became discouraged—not so much on account of the money he had expended, (though the amount was large,) as because it seemed impossible, with any amount of money, to make the paper what it ought to be. In this state of things Mr. Lewis Tappan called at my office one day, and told me that his brother had determined to discontinue the paper *next week*, unless it could be placed on a different footing. [This was near the close of 1828, the paper having been in existence about sixteen months.] He at the same time presented me certain propositions which contemplated the conditional purchase of the establishment by Mr. Hale and myself jointly, and then retired, saying, "Upon you, sir, I throw the responsibility of deciding whether the *Journal of Commerce* shall be discontinued, or not;" or to that effect. The appeal was a strong one—especially to me, who had taken much interest in the success of the enterprise, though I had not entertained the remotest

idea of being personally connected with it; and, although pleasantly situated where I was, I decided, on reflection, to accept the overture, and the consequence has been, *twenty years of unceasing toil*, both to Mr. Hale and myself, and the *establishment of the paper on a basis of permanent usefulness*.

In looking back upon the incidents above related, and many others which cannot be recorded here, the ordering of Providence is so clear that it would be a sin not to perceive and recognize it. Had I not known Mr. Hale intimately, (having been a member of his family in Boston more than a year,) and had we not mutually reposed the utmost confidence in each other, the connection would not have been formed, and the *Journal of Commerce* would long since have been among the things that were. I own that at this time I did not appreciate, nor fully know, the strength of his intellectual powers; nor did either of us dream that he would ever take the stand which he has taken, as one of the ablest editors in the Union. I only expected to receive occasional aid from his pen, and that not of the highest order; but in point of fact, while he made his own (the commercial) department of the paper all that could be desired, he became a most efficient coadjutor in the editorial department proper. For vigor of conception, force of reasoning, and aptness of illustration, some of his articles would not suffer in comparison with the leading editorials of the *London Times*. Language he did not study, having had but a common school education in his youth—yet, by long practice, he acquired a facility of expression which many of the best scholars are not able to command. Thoughts he never lacked. They flowed faster than his pen could indite them.

The prominent qualities of his mind were greatness, strength, quickness and fertility. His conclusions were drawn suddenly, and as it seemed, almost intuitively. His discernment of character was remarkable. He had a rich vein of humor, which, in connection with his intellectual resources, gave to his conversation a peculiar interest. He was sometimes severe, both in manner and in judgment. With a temper naturally impetuous, and not entirely subdued by grace, he occasionally expressed himself harshly, not to say unadvisedly. But I know that he contended manfully against these infirmities, and sought to subdue them. I have several times heard him lament that he had not more of the meekness of wisdom. Once he told me that he had resolved to set a double guard at the door of his lips; or to that effect. A bad man does not so repent and resolve.

One of the agreeable traits of Mr. Hale's character was his perfect frankness. There was no guile about him. He was incapable of it himself, and despised it in others.

He had many warm friends, and some enemies. But, in general, those who knew him best, loved him most. His faults were, from their nature, uppermost; while many of his excellencies were, from their nature, invisible to the public eye. A

stranger, beholding his lofty, independent bearing, and hearing his gruff voice, would not have suspected that there beat within his breast a heart of warm affection, tender sensibility, and Christian charity; that he held daily communion with his Maker, and conscientiously sought to know and do his will. Yet so it was. After twenty-five years of intimate acquaintance with him, under a great variety of circumstances, I am convinced that so it was.

The bold points of his character above indicated, made him a mark for a greater amount of personal abuse than has fallen to the lot of any other editor within my knowledge. He was abused, not only for his faults, and the faults of others, but for his virtues. Many an article or paragraph in our columns, which he never saw or heard of until he saw it in print, has been made the occasion of a fresh tirade of abuse towards himself personally and by name. Fortunately such effusions gave him no uneasiness. If he read them at all, which latterly was not very common, he generally accompanied the reading with a laugh, and the louder in proportion to the spitefulness of the attack.

One incident, which afforded his assailants a "nut to crack" for a considerable time, was his suffering himself to be rattanned or cowed (we forget which) on 'Change, by a little Frenchman. From this they inferred a lack of personal courage. Now the fact is, that having reason to expect the attack, he deliberately made up his mind beforehand, that being a professor of religion, and an elder in a Christian church, he would not be converted into a pugilist, at the option of another; and, in short, that he would make no resistance unless he should find he would otherwise be seriously injured. He very well knew that with one sweep of his long, brawny arm, he could demolish his assailant. But he did not wish to hurt him, and was not much hurt by him. The paragraph which gave rise to the assault, was not written by Mr. Hale, nor by me; nor was it strictly personal. But let that pass. Is it not manifest, that to receive the infliction passively, under such circumstances, required a much higher degree of personal control, than if he had followed the dictates of depraved nature? On a subsequent occasion, when he expected a street assault from a powerful man, he said to me, "If attacked, I shall defend myself. I cannot afford to trifle with him—he will hurt me too much." My own opinion is, that few individuals possess a higher degree either of personal or moral courage than did Mr. Hale; and if I had wished to find a man who, at the call of duty, would perform the perilous feat attempted by his uncle, Captain Nathan Hale, in the revolution, and then, like him, when about to be swung from the gallows, exclaim, "My only regret is, that I have but one life to give for my country," I know not whom I should have selected sooner than the subject of this notice.

One other topic I will mention, as it has given rise to more misrepresentation and reproach than

even the foregoing. I allude to Mr. Hale's purchase of the Broadway Tabernacle. This purchase was made in the year 1840. Property and credit were at the lowest ebb. Money was worth two per cent. a month. Rich men felt poor, and poor men felt like beggars. In such a state of things it was announced that the Tabernacle was about to be sold under a foreclosure. It had been occupied as a Presbyterian church, and a pure gospel had been preached there. It was now liable to fall into the hands of errorists, of one kind or another, and in that case, instead of being what it had been, and was intended to be, it would become a grand centre of mischief. Various efforts were made among the good people of the Presbyterian denomination to raise the necessary funds, but without success. At length David Hale came to me, and inquired if I had any objection to his buying the Tabernacle. I was astounded at the suggestion, knowing that he really had no money to spare, and that all the receipts of the firm would be required for a considerable time for the payment of debts; yet I gave my consent. I however remarked to him that his motives would be misconstrued—that it would be said he was speculating in churches, and all that—and I would advise him, on the spot, to place the matter in such a shape that under no circumstances could he realize more than seven per cent. on the money invested. He approved of my suggestion, and governed himself accordingly. He might have made \$15,000 or \$20,000 out of the transaction, and he fully believed so at the time; but instead of this he raised money wherever he could obtain it, either from his own resources, the good will of personal friends, or the friends of the cause, and then loaned it to the society at seven per cent. Such was the effect of the operation, though in form he was the purchaser, and owner of the property. But this is not all. For several years after the purchase, he had the sole management of the building, renting it from day to day, and evening to evening, as he had opportunity, for public purposes, receiving pay for the same, and in various ways expending time and labor about it—for no part of which has he ever received or desired to receive a single cent for his own benefit. Every dollar realized from such meetings, or from the building in any way, has been applied towards the extinction and indebtedness upon the property, the payment of interest, &c. The result of the matter is, that a considerable portion of the cost of the edifice has been extinguished by its own earnings. It is now the property of the society worshipping in it, at a cost not equal to half its value; and the only pecuniary advantage that Mr. Hale has ever derived from it is, that he has been largely out of pocket on account of the purchase, and still is, to the extent of \$4000 or \$5000, which, however, we understand, is about to be paid by his heirs.

Take it all in all, the purchase of the Tabernacle ought to be regarded as the crowning act of his life. For not only was it one of the most liberal

acts (considering the pecuniary circumstances of the purchaser at that time) to be found in the annals of benevolence, but it was a *parent* act, of which the offspring have already risen, in goodly numbers, both in this city and Brooklyn. Since the purchase of the Tabernacle, and by a process easily traced back to that event, not less than ten or eleven Congregational churches have been organized in the two cities, most of which are large and flourishing, and provided with pastors of distinguished talents and piety. The pecuniary contributions of Mr. Hale in aid of these various enterprises, are thus stated in the new Congregational paper, the Independent, of the present week.

He was the first subscriber toward the erection of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, (having given \$2,000.) He was one of three who purchased the building occupied by the Plymouth Church (Rev. Mr. Beecher's) in the same city. He contributed largely for the erection of a new house of worship for the 2d Congregational Church, (Rev. Mr. Sprague's;) also, we believe, to the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, (Rev. Dr. Lansing's.) He was one of the original subscribers to the purchase of a lot for the Bedford Avenue Church, now erecting. He subscribed \$2,000 to the Church of the Puritans, (Rev. Dr. Cheever's,) and gave several hundred dollars each to the Christie street and the Eastern Congregational churches in this city. He assisted numerous other feeble and dependent churches in this vicinity and in various parts of the country, and often relieved the wants of ministers by loans of money without interest, or by liberal donations. He supported at one time three missionaries at the West from his own purse.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

THE telegraph yesterday announced the death of David Hale, late senior proprietor and editor of the Journal of Commerce; we learn from that paper the following particulars respecting his death.

Mr. Hale died at Fredericksburg, Va., where he was delayed by sickness on his way to the South for the benefit of his health. His age was about 59.

"He was improving slowly," says the despatch, "from the middle of December till last Thursday; but, though faint hopes were entertained of his recovery, on Thursday he was attacked with influenza, which is epidemic here (at Fredericksburg.) Inflammation of the lungs ensued, of which he died on Saturday, at 3 P. M. When informed of his new danger, he expressed pleasure at the near approach of death, which he had long desired. His mind wandered towards the last, and a part of the time he was unconscious; but he expired with perfect composure, and without pain. His body will be taken home for interment."

No man connected with the daily press of New York had a more strongly individualized character than Mr. Hale; he stood for his paper, and whatever it might contain was always laid at his door, although it was known that his partner and co-editor, Mr. Hallock, was a vigorous writer and a very industrious one. Mr. Hale was not one of

those men who pass easily through the world on the score of their amiabilities; he was *brusque* in his manners, decided in his opinions, and positive in his manner of asserting them. Although he gained no friends by means of his courtesies, he made many by his integrity and fearless honesty. He commenced life as a merchant, having been at one time in business with a brother of the Rev. Dr. Spring, of this city; being unsuccessful, his partner took to the pulpit while he took to the press. He was a genuine Puritan, austere, resolute, industrious, money-making, and a lover of freedom beyond everything. He had been about twenty-two years connected with the Journal of Commerce, and by his strong personal character gave it that distinctive position which it has maintained among all the journals of the country. We understand that he will be succeeded, as proprietor of the paper, by his son.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NARROW WAY.

BELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode,
Must all his powers employ.

Bright hopes and pure delights
Upon his course may beam;
And there, amid the sternest heights,
The sweetest flowerets gleam.

On all her breezes borne,
Earth yields no scents like those;
But he that dares not grasp the thorn,
Should never crave the rose.

Arm, arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.

Crush pride into the dust,
Or thou must needs be slack;
And trample down rebellious lust,
Or it will hold thee back.

Seek not thy honor here,
Waive pleasure and renown;
The world's "dread laugh" undaunted bear,
And face its deadliest frown.

To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure,—

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy prayer and thy delight;
What matters who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight!—

What matters—if thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest!

ACTON BELL.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MYSTERY.

ONE morning uncle Alexander made his appearance in a singularly bad humor. It is supposed that he had committed some imprudence with regard to a venison-pie which had decorated the table on the day preceding; but whether this were the cause or not, the consequence undoubtedly was, that he rose in a state of profound depression, which gradually kindled into active sourness as the day advanced. Now it is observable that whenever uncle Alexander was more than usually cross, he directly began to talk about the state of the country; and woe to the hapless individual who incautiously ventured to express any opinion whatsoever on the subject—there was no hope and no escape. If you were silent, he asked you a direct question; if you differed from him, he became frantic; and if you agreed with him, he immediately contradicted himself, and then raged over the difference of opinion thus produced. Doubtless, it did him a great deal of good, though not in the pleasantest manner possible for his friends. The most charitable proceeding that could be adopted towards him in such cases was to give him a topic to quarrel with, just as you throw a bone to a hungry dog; when the animal has munched it, and mumbled it, and growled over it for a little while, he is ready to wag his tail and lick your hand quite benevolently. But it was almost impossible for this soothing policy to be pursued when Godfrey was by, and disposed, as on the present occasion, to mix in the conversation. Godfrey was not only sincere, but perverse; if he disliked the general tone of a man's mind he seldom contemplated any individual opinion with the charity which is indispensable to justice; and if he were inclined to demolish an absurdity, expose a blunder, or contradict a particular view, no reverence for person, time, or place, was likely to deter him from so doing. He just threw the fire-brand, and quietly awaited the conflagration.

"Since the principle is now universally recognized," said uncle Alexander, "that the people are the source of all power, it is a marvellous instance in the long series of human inconsistencies, that any institution whatsoever should be retained which does not embody the convictions of the people—nay, we even retain such as run counter to those convictions and do them violence. England is fast retrograding. I may not live to see her final decay, but I fear that nothing can avert it."

"I should like to know, merely as a matter of curiosity," observed Godfrey, "whether the Normans, who came over with William the Conqueror, did not predict the rapid decay of England? It seems to be an universal instinct; I daresay Adam prophesied that the world would come to an end in the next generation to himself."

"That kind of flippancy," said his uncle, in much wrath, "might be all very well as a repartee, if you were making small talk for a lady, but it is as far as possible from being an answer to my argument."

"As to argument," replied Godfrey, "I am not quite sure that I saw it. If power signifies might, as distinguished from right, there can be no doubt that it resides in the people; but so far from recognizing this as a principle which needs to be developed, I should call it an unhappy necessity, the effects of which one would seek to neutralize by every possible means."

"It is ludicrous—perfectly ludicrous!" cried Mr. Lee, "that a young man like yourself, who can have no experience, should presume to go against the collective wisdom of ages—"

"Pardon me, I was going *with* it," interposed Godfrey.

"Upholding despotism—"

"No—government."

"Government by a majority; that is the only admissible form."

"Well," said Godfrey, "it always strikes me as a strange mode of getting at truth to take the judgment of the majority; considering what the average intellect of the educated human being is, in the present day, I should think it a far better chance to select that opinion, whatever it might be, which had the fewest supporters."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Lee.

"My dear Godfrey," said good uncle John, in a perfectly audible whisper, and with a wink so violent and prolonged, that it could not fail to attract attention, "don't irritate him, there's a good fellow. He never can stand contradiction."

"I really wish, John," retorted his brother, "that you would have the goodness to abstain from interference. I assure you, you only make yourself ridiculous."

Uncle John became exceedingly red, and would probably have made some desperately testy answer, had not Frederick, to whom a scene of this kind was especially painful, interposed, anxious to lead the conversation gently away from the subject of dispute.

"And you really think, Godfrey," said he, "that the number of men capable of forming a correct judgment is comparatively small?"

"Well," said Godfrey, "I think experience leads one to that notion: just think over all your acquaintance; how many are there to whom you would go for counsel in a difficulty, or whose opinion you could take upon trust without scrupulously examining the matter yourself? I don't know whether a sound judgment is the highest of all intellectual gifts, but I am sure it is the rarest."

"You are perhaps an example of the truth of your own observation," remarked uncle Alexander, with that serviceable smile which enables a man to say the bitterest things under cover of a jest.

Godfrey flushed crimson, and the light in his eye was so sudden and so fierce, that his mother involuntarily and timidly laid her hand on his arm as if to restrain him. He took no notice of the action, but remained perfectly silent. Ida, who had been pondering on his last words so deeply

that she had not noticed the innuendo which followed them, now spoke.

"I always fancied," said she, "that judgment was a very prosaic, matter-of-fact sort of thing, and had nothing to do with intellect."

Godfrey smiled. "Judgment of prudence or expediency," answered he. "Very true. But you do not know how much I comprehend in those words, 'a sound judgment.' What is it but clearly and fully to see *the truth*? and the eyes which can see truth must surely be very calm and pure. There must be that delicate apparatus of instincts which we call tact; there must be charity, unselfishness, and that repose and elevation of mind which are begotten by communion with high and holy themes. For truth, in whatever garb or class it is found, is and must be always divine; and depend upon it that the eyes which have been exercised only upon the clods of earth will be bewildered and blinded when they are uplifted to the contemplation of the stars."

"Is that blank verse?" asked uncle Alexander grimly.

"It can't be," said uncle John, "because I understood it."

"Well, but really, my dear Godfrey," said Melissa, "this is quite a new tone. I thought you professed utter contempt for common sense, and considered genius the only guide; that is to say, the only thing of any consequence. You change so perpetually in your ideas, that I assure you it is quite impossible for *me* to understand you."

Godfrey looked as if he had no doubt of the fact, whatever he might think about the cause; and Alexander said aside to Ida, "How strange, is it not? to talk of either genius or common sense as the guide of life! They are both of the *head*, and it is the voice of the *heart* to which we ought to listen."

"Very true, Alex!" cried uncle John, clapping his nephew encouragingly on the back; "the heart forever, my boy! Talk of Godfrey's changing! when was there ever such a change known as to hear that sentiment from *you*? Why, if you go on in this way, I do believe we shall see you like your cousins after all!"

The compliment was so very equivocal, that it could scarcely be expected to gratify Alexander, who indeed looked at his uncle as if he might have been induced to inflict bodily injury upon him for a very small bribe. The unconscious offender, however, proceeded in a tone of increased cheerfulness. (Sometimes one could not help wondering where his cheerfulness would end, it was so perpetually taking fresh starts, and accelerating its pace each time.)

"How this reminds me," said he, nodding to Ida, "of a conversation in which your dear father took part, some fourteen years ago. He was saying how much better imagination was than reason; and he compared them to two angels, one of which was always helping you forward, and the other pushing you back. No—let me see—I am not

quite sure about *that*, because I don't suppose it would be exactly in keeping for an angel to push you back. Perhaps it was a devil. However, I know he made it into a very beautiful allegory and good old Mr. Becket said he would have been much wiser if he had n't said anything about it. But you see my quarrel with judgment, which I suppose is just the same thing as reason, is, that it always makes you see everything that is wrong."

"Never mind the definition," exclaimed Godfrey, "but tell us what you mean. How does it make you see everything that is wrong?"

"Well, but does n't it now?" was uncle John's expressive rejoinder.

"Don't ask *me*," said Godfrey, "I know nothing about it. The reason why I am such an admirer of judgment is just because I have got so little of it myself."

"Well, but does n't it always show you all kinds of faults and evils?" asked uncle John; "for example, a poor pale woman with a sickly baby begs of me, and I want to give her half-a-crown. Well, what does judgment say? 'Take care what you're about,' says judgment, 'that baby isn't her own, and might get work if it liked, and support its whole family in respectability and comfort, on the railroad, or in the mines, or anywhere else.' That is to say, the woman or her husband might. And then I don't give the half-crown."

"Don't you?" said Ida, "Oh! I am very sure you do. Because, dear uncle John, you must know, that isn't at all what a *sound* judgment would say. I think it would say, 'Give by all means; better be deceived a hundred times than let one real case of misery remain unrelieved.'"

"That's not the sort of thing that is generally called judgment, my darling," said uncle John.

"Oh! I don't care at all about what it is generally called," rejoined Ida; "no more does Godfrey, I am sure, because you know he says the majority are always in the wrong."

"And then about people," pursued uncle John, "judgment always tells you their faults. Now I don't want to know my friends' faults, nor to talk about them, nor to hear them talked about."

"But nobody ever does talk about a *friend's* faults," said Ida.

"Don't they, though?" replied uncle John; "uncommonly few friends most men must have then."

"Besides," said Godfrey, "you are generally forced against your will both to hear them discussed and to discuss them. It is strange how, whenever a man forms a real friendship, those who are about him seem to make it a point of conscience to let no defect in the friend escape notice. All that is said may be very true, but the strange thing is, that it should be *said*. It would seem more natural to think within yourself, 'Here I will be silent, for, true as this is, it may give pain to speak of it!' But on the contrary, there is a perpetual blockade laid to the unlucky friendship, and every foible or failing that it can be

induced to admit, is considered a sort of triumph. I always feel extra perverse on such occasions; and I would maintain that a fool was a first-rate genius, if I loved him, and people were always mentioning his folly to me."

"The strangest thing of all is," said Melissa, suddenly assuming the seven-leagued sentimental boots in which she was sometimes wont to outstrip all her fellow-creatures, "that one should ever be able to see a fault in those one loves."

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart; I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

"There's the dressing bell," cried Godfrey in a tone of intense relief, and the conversation broke up.

Ida had remained behind to put away her portfolio and pencils, and she was still thus occupied when Godfrey returned into the room. "Ida," said he, "what do you think of that couplet which dear aunt Melissa quoted just now? do you agree with it?"

"Oh no!" said Ida, "who *could* agree with it? What kind of love could it be which was able to say, '*I know not if guilt's in that heart?*' It is true of course that we should not *ask*, but that would be because we should know that it was *not* there."

Godfrey looked at her with a strange sort of hesitating expression. "I once heard," said he, half laughing, "a very curious discussion. The question proposed was this—Suppose you were to discover that the person you loved best in the world was guilty of a very great crime—say murder, (everything, you know, is possible,) what effect would it produce on your love? It was an odd idea, was it not? and there were a great many different opinions. One said the love would be turned into hatred; another said, it would yield gradually to reason; and I think there was one lady who said that the love would be as strong as ever, but that it would become a source of misery instead of happiness. What should you have said, Ida?"

"But I never could believe it," exclaimed Ida, lifting her large deep eyes to his face.

"Yes, but suppose you were *forced* to believe it."

Ida became pale at the thought, and put her hands before her eyes. "Do you think it would be possible to live?" asked she.

"Well," said he, "but what I want to know is this. Would such a discovery utterly and at once annihilate affection?"

"I don't suppose affection could ever quite be annihilated—could it?" replied Ida. "It does not seem possible to leave off loving one whom you have really loved."

"It does not seem possible!" repeated Godfrey; "then you would wish it to be possible! you would think it right, and necessary, and proper to erase and smooth away the writing upon your heart, and make it a blank surface! you would separate yourself, and try to forget, and doubtless you would succeed, and doubtless you

would be quite right. One sin lost paradise in the beginning—so it may well lose the only copy of paradise that we have left to us."

"I cannot think," said Ida, "why you should imagine such painful things. However, of this I am quite sure, that in such a case I should *not* think as you do; so far from trying to destroy love, I think I should be doubly anxious to preserve it—it could never be so needful. For of course it must be a noble nature which had done this great wrong, otherwise it could never have won this love at all;—and then, just imagine the remorse! how much comfort, and help and tenderness such an one would require;—oh no! I think I should cling closer than ever! But I believe it would kill me," added she shuddering; "and I cannot conceive the possibility of it."

"What a child you are, Ida!" cried Godfrey, laughing, and with an abruptness of manner which might have offended a person with more self-love—"you realize everything so vividly. I am sure you ought never to see a play acted; it would agitate you quite to distraction; you have been making almost a tragedy to yourself out of these baseless speculations of mine."

Ida looked up in his face with a kind of half-timid smile, as if she saw that he was a little cross, and felt quite sure that she must have been very foolish. "I *am* a child, I believe," said she. "It is a sad thing to be childish as I am at eighteen; I wonder what I shall be when I am quite an old woman."

Godfrey took both her hands in his. "Let us try and fancy you—!" exclaimed he; "my imagination is so vivid that I think I see the wrinkles gathering and the gold turning to silver, (touching one of her long curls with the tip of his finger as he spoke.) What a wise, sharp face it will be in a mob cap (whatever that may be); and the eyes will have learnt communion with bitterer tears than those which come from ideal sorrows; they will have lost that upward look and that shining light of hope; they will be used to looking back, and dimmed as if by straining to see all that has passed away from them. And the lips will have grown chrier of their smiles, and familiar with sage and sober words; and the heart, I verily believe it, will be a child's heart still!"

Ida was prevented from answering this speech, which was delivered with a strange kind of serious playfulness, by the entrance of Melissa, dressed for the evening, and apparently much shocked by not finding her niece in a similar predicament. She followed her to her room and administered a most bewildering lecture upon etiquette, poor Ida remaining from first to last in profound ignorance of her meaning. Sundry awful hints that it was "not the thing," that "girls could n't be too careful," that "people were always ready to talk," &c., &c., reduced Ida to a sense of some vague danger incurred by being too late for dinner, of which she certainly had formed no previous conception. However, she expressed becoming penitence for her incautious

crime, and succeeded in appeasing her aunt's wrath thereby.

My discerning readers will, of course, be anxious by this time to hear something more of Mrs. Chester. She had scrupulously observed the retirement for which she stipulated on first coming to Evelyn, till the last fortnight, in which, not without a severe struggle, she had begun to change her behavior. She feared that she was very imperfectly fulfilling her pledge to Percy Lee, by giving up all surveillance of Ida in the new scenes to which she was now introduced; and many little touches in Ida's evening report of the day's recurrences made her feel somewhat anxious. She soon discovered that there was no fear of Alexander, though that complacent gentleman entertained a very different opinion. He had made Ida several pretty presents, and, in the simplicity of her gratitude, she had undertaken to work him a waistcoat, which he considered an unmistakable proof that she was in love with him. It is not the jealous only who take trifles light as air for proofs of that which they are determined to believe; the vain and self-confident are at least equally open to deception. Indeed, it would be a curious inquiry to distinguish and analyze the multitudinous assemblage of minute blunders which make up the foundation whereon rests a vain man's faith in the estimate which others have formed of him. And if the cause be curious, the result is at least equally so; and preëminently so was it in the present case. "Poor Alexander" enacted the favored lover quite to his own contentment, with the solitary drawback that he was not a favored lover at all. He was like an ill-shapen man, who, by perpetually putting himself into the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere, has persuaded himself that he is like a Greek statue, and expects others to think the same. Between Ida and Frederick there had grown up one of those serene and tender friendships which are the very gardens of life. Gardens rich and lovely as that early Paradise wherein earth gave forth her fruits and flowers unasked, and there was nothing hurtful or venomous, neither storm nor cold, but a calm alternation of golden sunshine and glorious star-clothed night. It did not seem possible that there should ever be any offence between them; for there was neither caprice, nor passion, nor distrust, but each seemed to behold the other in a daylight too clear and pure for any vapor of earth or cloud of air to intercept the view. Their affection had grown up as a flower grows—gently, swiftly, silently; no start nor check in its progress, but a gradual and uninterrupted unfolding into perfect beauty and fragrance. Alas, how few have such repose as this! How impatient are we in our love for each other, how exorbitant in our demands, how traitorous in our doubts! and our hearts burn within us as we say to ourselves, "We are not loved as we would be loved;" forgetting that love is timid and sensitive, and needs an invitation and a welcome. Perhaps we dread to trust what we call "our happiness" in the

hands of another, and so we withdraw into our selves; and what happiness have we then? Of what avail are jewels which are never taken out of their locked casket for fear of robbery? Love must be generous as well as fervent, or it can never fulfil its office.

But Ida and Godfrey. Their relation to each other was more difficult to comprehend. She was timid with him, which, gentle as she was, was not her habit; and he was still inexplicably changeable towards her. He had still those fits of gloom which had at first repelled her; he took every opportunity of throwing her with Frederick, and encouraging their intimacy, yet never was he so sombre as when he had succeeded in establishing a *tête-à-tête* between them. The brother and sister compact which they originally made with each other remained unbroken, and frequently seemed to be a reality as well as a name, though there was not at any time that perfect frankness between them, which is the characteristic of such a relationship. When apart, each thought of a hundred things to say to the other; when together, they would not unfrequently sit silent side by side, or else degenerate into a mere intercourse of trivialities. They had not yet attained to a full comprehension of each other; they were, so to speak, not in unison, but rather trembling with that strange suggestive discord which almost anticipates the perfect harmony in which it is about to be merged.

Nothing in Godfrey so entirely puzzled the observant Madeline as his behavior to his mother. There was in it at times a kind of bitterness, which contrasted strongly with his tenderness to Frederick, and with his affection, at intervals, towards his mother herself. Madeline could attribute it only to a capriciousness of temper, which made her tremble at the idea of trusting her darling's happiness in his hands. Mrs. Aytoun was so gentle, so entirely devoted to her children, that it was impossible to imagine any provocation on her part; besides, she was a mother; and if that be not claim enough on the love and reverence of a child, what shall suffice? It is in itself the visible symbol of the guardianship of angels. It has often been noticed, that the heroines of novels have, as a general rule, no mothers, and that the exceptions have parents of the Lady Ashton stamp, the one mother whom Sir Walter Scott has delineated in all his volumes. The reason is simple enough. If the fair object of our sympathy and of the author's cruelty had a mother, in the true sense of the word, she would be saved from all scrapes, supported through all difficulties, comforted in all troubles. She could not by any means contrive to be the martyr for whom our pitying admiration is demanded; no possible extent of ingenuity could spin three volumes out of her.

"My dear Mrs. Chester," said Melissa, entering that lady's apartment with an air of peculiar condescension, "I hope you intend to give us the pleasure of your company at the tea-table this evening."

Madeline was standing at the window, watching the turbid red glow upon the horizon which preceded the rising of the moon. She came from the midst of it, pure and calm, and soared up into the cloudless sky overhead, penetrating the whole heavens with her pale, emerald light, as the spirit of some glorified martyr might rise, placid and exulting, from the flames of the stake. Madeline turned towards her visitor, though her eyes wandered wistfully and regretfully back to the sky, and it might have been noticed, that there was upon her cheek the glaze of scarcely dried tears. She answered, with her peculiar quiet, proud, manner, which rendered it so impossible to patronize her, that she had intended to come down stairs, and would now certainly do so.

"Because," said Melissa, confidentially, "I am a little anxious about our sweet Ida, and I want you to help me. You can scarcely have failed to observe the growing *penchant* between her and Alexander; and it is so desirable in every way, that I am very eager to help it forward. Godfrey is a little in our way; but I have noticed that he seems to enjoy your conversation, and if you will have the goodness to occupy him, we can leave the others a good deal to themselves."

Certainly Madeline was not well bred; I am sorry for it, but there is no denying it. She gave a slight, scornful laugh, and replied that she did not think there was the slightest symptom of an attachment between Ida and Alexander. She gave herself the greatest credit for having made a polite and gentle answer. It is very odd that we are always most conscious of courtesy when we are outwardly most rude. I suppose the reason is, that we feel so much rudeness within, that the degree of rudeness which we display seems to us to be moderation, graciousness, and the most intense self-command.

Melissa was not to be baffled, and she resumed: "You have not detected it? Well! that does not surprise me, because you have been so little with them. But I have observed them closely, and have quite made up my mind that unless something *very mal-à-propos* occurs it will be a match; so I hope you will trust to my discernment in the matter."

Madeline bit her lips. There was something indescribably irritating to her in hearing the future of her delicate and pure-hearted Ida discussed after this worldly fashion. Indeed, every word that the unconscious Melissa uttered was so provoking that silence seemed to be the only refuge from a positive quarrel, and so she was silent. What precious names we have to hear from common lips, and blended with vulgar thoughts! It seems profanation; as though the name were itself a living reality, and could feel the coarse handling which it encounters.

On went Melissa, growing more and more conciliatory as she proceeded, and little guessing the fuel which she was heaping at every word upon a fire now smouldering, but ready to break forth. It is unfortunate how much I am forced to dwell

upon Madeline's faults, but I must confess that she was not what is popularly called good-tempered; not patient, not in the least placid, but with rather a habit of sarcasm, and with a great reservoir of hot indignation always ready to be opened. She had no notion of taking things quietly; there was no *via media* in her course; she was rather excited or apathetic; and indeed the apathy was so habitual, that it required a pretty strong excitement to wake her out of it. Such an excitement did not seem likely to be wanting just at present.

"Now you see, my dear Mrs. Chester," pursued Melissa, "there are a hundred reasons why it is desirable that this marriage should take place. I need hardly recapitulate them to you. It is necessary that Ida should marry one of her cousins—that is indisputable; we have only to decide which the one shall be. Now, poor Frederick is out of the question, and I should be very sorry to see her married to Godfrey. It is painful to speak against one's own relations, but there are cases in which it is necessary. Godfrey's principles are very uncertain, and his temper violent. But Alexander is just the husband she requires. He is the natural heir; his conduct has always been perfectly unexceptionable; and he is, moreover, a man of the world. Now I consider it particularly desirable that Ida should marry a man of the world."

Madeline could be silent no longer. "Really," said she, "we differ so widely, that it seems useless to discuss this question. I have not agreed in one single word that you have been saying. I see no necessity for Ida's marrying one of her cousins—no necessity for her marrying at all. So far from considering Mr. Frederick Aytoun's blindness as an insurmountable obstacle, I should consider it, supposing them to be attached, as the strongest possible motive for a union. The absence of one outward means of communication would draw their spirits more closely together, and make the invisible bond more real—the invisible sympathy more tender. Moreover, she could never feel one of those misgivings, the torture of women, that she was not absolutely necessary to him. I perfectly agree with you, that Mr. Alexander Lee is a man of the world, but that is the very reason why I should look with horror at the possibility of —. However, I am quite sure it is impossible, so on that point my mind is easy."

All this was very blunt and rough, but there is no describing how much it cost Madeline to say it as civilly as she did. She was resisting all kinds of insane impulses; she longed to tell Melissa that she was a simpleton and a hypocrite, and to beg her to walk out of the room. Indeed, it was a narrow escape that she did not say something of the sort; and her voice and manner expressed it rather more clearly perhaps than words could have done.

Still Melissa persevered. "But, my dear Mrs. Chester, you evidently don't take my meaning; if

you were to reflect a little upon Ida's peculiarities I am quite sure you would agree with me. She has not been educated according to ordinary ideas; indeed, my good brother Percy was always very eccentric, and he has suffered his eccentricities to affect his principles of education in—this is quite between ourselves—a rather unfortunate manner. Sweet and amiable, and pretty as Ida is, it cannot be denied that she is scarcely fit to mix in general society. Her intellects—this is quite between ourselves, but you cannot fail to have noticed it—her intellects —”

“Her intellectual gifts are as rare as her moral,” interrupted Madeline, with flashing eyes. “I don't wonder that you wish this to be ‘quite between ourselves.’ Certainly she has ‘not been educated according to ordinary ideas,’ and ordinary persons must find it very difficult to comprehend her. Mr. Lee showed the wisdom which is as strongly his characteristic as goodness, in separating her from his family till she should be grown up. Her intellects—the idea of your saying anything about her intellects! It is—” Here Madeline suddenly checked herself, and covered her face with her hands, in instantaneous and deep self-abasement for her impetuosity. Before the bewildered Melissa had recovered presence of mind enough to compose a resentful speech, and while, indeed, she was inwardly debating whether or not a hysteric would be her best plan, her mouth was stopped by an apology. “I beg you to forgive me,” said Madeline, with a mixture of pride and dejection in her manner perfectly indescribable, “I was very much to blame. I am very hasty. But,” she added, having forced from herself this humiliating confession, not on Melissa's account but on her own, and resuming her accustomed manner when it was finished, “but I can only repeat that our views are so utterly different, that the endeavor to make them coincide would be quite hopeless.”

“Hopeless, indeed!” returned Melissa, with a severe graciousness of deportment highly impressive. “I am sorry I have come on so bootless an errand. I am quite willing to overlook your disrespect to myself, since you are sorry for it; but I hope it will not be repeated, as you must be aware that in our relative positions it is a kind of thing that cannot be tolerated. I will take it for granted, however, that it is not to happen again. You will, of course, not attempt to interfere in any way whatsoever with the course of things, though your opinion may be very different to mine. I shall hope to see you in the drawing-room in a quarter of an hour.”

Melissa held out her hand with most repulsive urbanity. It was agony to Madeline, but she touched the cold fingers with her own, and as soon as Melissa was gone, flung herself upon her knees in a passion of contempt for herself and all the world; which must seem very disproportionate to its cause, to natures less stormily constituted than her own. “My own act again!” exclaimed she; “powerless by my own act! I could not answer her. I had not self-command to tell her

quietly that I was bound to what she calls interference by duty, because I was a coward in the presence of my own passions. O God, forgive me!”

It never occurred to Madeline to feel humiliated by the apology she had compelled herself to make. Paradoxical as it may sound, her nature was a great deal too proud to be galled by this. She gave not so much as a passing thought to Melissa, either at the time or afterwards, but bitterly condemning herself for the recurrence of a fault long deplored, and scarcely half conquered, she made the instant atonement to her own conscience, and thought of nothing else. Melissa, however, like all cowards, became far more irate when the object of her wrath was not before her. As she reflected upon her wrongs, she made up her mind to tell uncle John—(oh! poor uncle John, he little dreamed what was in store for him)—that he must inform Mrs. Chester that unless she altered her behavior, she must leave the house. “It is the very least he can do for me,” said Melissa to herself, with mild firmness; “and if he had any discernment, he would have done it long ago, without giving me the pain of suggesting it; and so I shall tell him.”

When Madeline descended to the drawing-room, she found the whole party assembled, with the addition of a new comer, a fine little boy, six years old, the son of that Mr. Tyrrel who was alluded to in a letter of Melissa's, which the reader may possibly remember. He was a pretty, lively child, full of that innocent repartee which is so pleasant in unspoiled childhood; and he sat on Ida's lap, and was the object of unremitting attention, half jocose, half caressing, from the younger gentlemen of the party. Alexander plied him with strong tea and buttered toast, and asked him questions in sesquipedalian English, feeling quite sure that Ida thought him very witty, and that he was displaying that aptitude for winning a child's heart which is a pretty sure road to a woman's. We hope the parallel will not be considered insulting. After tea, a general petition was made to Mrs. Chester to sketch the little boy's portrait: his father was expected the next day, and it would be such an agreeable surprise for him! Mrs. Chester's drawings were so rapid and so accurate; would she not be persuaded? Madeline fetched her materials, and established herself opposite to her youthful sitter. The child stood at Ida's knee, and was certainly as pretty a subject for a painter as could be found anywhere. An abundance of golden-colored hair, some shade or two paler than Ida's, fell in rings about his shoulders; and his eyes, which were large, and of the darkest hazel, were lifted to hers with a half-serious impression, yet still glistening with suppressed mirth.

“Will it make your head ache, dear Madeline?” asked Ida. “You are not looking well.”

Madeline's cheeks were burning and her eyes heavy, but she denied that she had any ailment, and the work proceeded.

“Why does she wear that ugly close cap?” said the child to Ida, pointing to Madeline's head:

"nobody else does ; and she would look so much prettier without it."

Mrs. Chester started at these words, and dropped her pencil, while Ida stooped over the unconscious offender till her bright curls mingled with his, caressing him into silence. Madeline, however, relieved the embarrassment of the party by immediately speaking herself. "I am nervous to-night," said she ; "but don't scold him ; it was a very natural observation for a child."

"How will you have your picture taken?" asked Alexander. "Will you be in a smart uniform, with a sword by your side, like the Duke of Wellington?"

"No," replied the little boy ; "because then papa would n't know me. Oh yes but he would though ! He would know me in any dress, and I should know him : but I won't have it done so, because it would n't be true."

"But it's no consequence not being true, when it is only a picture," said Alexander.

"Isn't it?" asked the child ; "then I don't like pictures : they must be bad things."

"You are a little preacher!" cried Alexander. "I should like to hear a sermon from you. Tell me now, do you never say what is not true?"

"I am sure he never does," exclaimed Ida, with that instinctive care for the freshness of a child's moral sense natural to those in whom the sense is delicate and acute. "Pray don't put such ideas into his head."

Alexander laughed, and persevered. "Did you never take the raspberry jam when papa was n't looking," inquired he, "and then say that the cat took it?"

The child gave Ida a significant glance, and then looking up at Alexander, with an expression of infinite humor, replied, "No, I never did ; but I will now you have told me of it."

A burst of laughter from all followed this retort ; and uncle John, with his accustomed clap on the back, informed Alexander, in a stentorian voice, that he was "sold out and out !" The child, however, laid his soft cheek upon Ida's hand, and whispered in a tremulous voice, while his dark

eyes filled with tears—"But it was naughty to joke about it at all, because, once, when I was very little, I *did* tell a story."

At this moment Madeline flung down her pencil with an air of impatience. "I cannot draw!" exclaimed she ; "it is perfectly unaccountable!"

Godfrey looked over her shoulder ; "I see a likeness," observed he, "but it is too young."

"It is the face of a baby!" replied Madeline ; "and this is the second sketch, and the first had the same defect." She rubbed the lines out with much vehemence, and began to draw again somewhat hurriedly ; Godfrey watched her progress with interest, but, after a few minutes' work, she pushed away the paper, and rose, saying, with a strangely agitated manner, "It is the baby's face again ! I cannot do it!"

"It is very singular," said Godfrey, examining it, "because there is so strong a likeness ; the little fellow must have been just like it when he was a baby."

"Won't you make another attempt?" inquired Alexander.

Madeline put her hand to her head. "Not to-night," said she ; "I believe I am ill."

Her face was now quite pallid, and there was a painful, unnatural expression in her eyes. She forced a laugh, seemed puzzled at herself, and said she did not know what was the matter with her.

Ida led the child across the room. "Come, little Arthur," said she, "come and look at yourself when you were a baby."

She was approaching Madeline with the intention of urging her to go to bed and sleep away her headache ; she felt really uneasy about her friend, but knowing her morbid dislike to having any fuss made about herself, she covered her purpose by this playful address to the child, and thought to manage the matter quietly and without notice. She was, however, baffled, and in a very alarming manner. As she drew near, Madeline uttered a slight cry, as if in sudden pain, reeled, and fell upon the ground perfectly insensible.

QUEEN CAROLINE'S DEATH-BED.—It is not necessary to examine whether the queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the king, in case she died, should marry again :—it is certain she did wish it ; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer : "Non, j'aurai des maîtresses." To which the queen made no other reply than, "Ah ! mon Dieu ! cela n'empêche pas." I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true. When she had finished all she had to say on these subjects, she said she fancied she

could sleep. The king said many kind things to her, and kissed her face and her hands a hundred times ; but even at this time, on her asking for her watch, which hung by the chimney, in order to give it him to take care of her seal, the natural brusquerie of his temper, even in these moments, broke out, which showed how addicted he was to snapping without being angry, and that he was often capable of using those worst whom he loved best ; for on this proposal of giving him the watch to take care of the seal with the queen's arms, in the midst of sobs and tears he raised and quickened his voice, and said, "Ah ! my God ! let it alone ; the queen has always such strange fancies. Who should meddle with your seal ! Is it not as safe there as in my pocket?"—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs of George the Second.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.